SKETCHES of FROEBEL'S LIFE and TIMES

NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF KINDERGARTEN LITERATURE

REFERENCE LIBRARY

OF THE

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

WHITEWATER, WISCONSIN

No. 26685

Bought 8 Ja 1931

Students of the State Teachers College are allowed to draw the books for use at their rooms on the following conditions:

1. No book must be taken from the library until it has been properly charged to the student drawing it.
2. Bound magazines, most Reference books and Reserved books may be taken from the library at 4. p. m. and must be returned at 8. a. m. the following day.
3. All other books may be kept for two weeks.

National
Library of Kindergarten Literature

Edited by
National Kindergarten Association

Volume 1

Sketches of Froebel's Life and Times

WITH INTRODUCTION
BY THE

HON. P. P. CLAXTON
United States Commissioner of Education

LB
637
S5

1914
MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

26685

Copyright, 1914,
By Milton Bradley Co.

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION, ... *P. P. Claxton* vii

EDUCATION: FROEBEL, *John Jay Chapman* 1
From "Causes and Consequences."

IN KEILHAU, ... *Georg Ebers* 28
From "The Story of my Life."

INFANT GARDENS, . . . *James L. Hughes* 124
From "Dickens as an Educator."

GIRLHOOD DAYS AT KEILHAU,
Henrietta Schrader, Berlin 147
Translated by Bertha Hofer Hegner
Edited by Amalie Hofer Jerome, and
reprinted from Kindergarten Magazine
by her permission.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ... 195

INTRODUCTION

"SEEK ye first the Kingdom of God." —On his first Monday morning in school, the boy Friedrich Froebel heard the children, all standing, repeat these words. They were the words of the text of the sermon to which the children had listened on Sunday. Every morning of the week they were repeated over and over again, by individual children and by the whole group, until they made an impression upon him, "as none had ever done before and none had ever done after." Writing of this event forty years later, he says, "Perhaps even then, the simple boy heard and felt that these words would be the foundation and the salvation of his life, bringing to him that conviction which was to become later on to the working, striving man, a source of incomparable courage, of unflinching, ever-ready, and cheerful self-sacrifice. In short, my introduction into that school was my birth into the higher, spiritual life." He who would understand Froebel's life and philosophy of education must bear this statement in mind,

and remember that for Froebel, the Kingdom of God meant the realization of the divine spirit in the individual man and woman, and of the divine order in human society.

No other educator has realized so fully the unity of nature, man, and God. No other has seen more clearly the vision of redeemed humanity, living in harmony with nature, governed by love, and rejoicing in ever-progressing creative work. No other has ever understood better that the Kingdom of God is the Kingdom of love, of light, of life, of truth, and of intelligent, skillful, effective service. For him, all roads lead to God. For him, God is the all-pervading, creative spirit of the Universe. The soul of man is a part of the divine essence. The education of man consists in the unfolding and revelation of this divine essence, through well-guided, spontaneous, creative activity. God is a creator, and man, made in his image, is a creator also. Education does not consist alone or chiefly in instruction or training, but rather—development and growth. The teacher is therefore a gardener, watching patiently and intelligently for the budding points of the soul, the nascent stages of interest, supplying suitable environment—food, light, and air—and protecting the child against those who, in their ignorance and ruthless zeal, would hamper and restrain, dwarf and warp, or unduly stimulate

the child by untimely prescription. The school is a garden in which children live and grow through healthy, happy, vigorous, active childhood, to strong purposeful manhood. Man, the child, is an active animal, a struggler alive and happy only in activity.

With a full understanding of the importance of spontaneous activity and the dangers of narrow prescription, Froebel avoided the dangers and absurdities of leaving the child, without guidance, to the unlicensed freedom of the savage. "The development of the child's inner being must be on the one hand spontaneous, and, on the other, in accord with the universal trend of life." To know, interpret, and apply the trend of life in guiding the spontaneous activities of the child, is a task worthy the understanding and skill of the wisest and best. "Would there might be for the human being, for my child, even from its first advent into the world, a correct comprehension of its being, a suitable fostering and management, an education truly leading to the all-sided attainment of its destiny." That there might be such loving fostering, such intelligent leading, he plead "that we live with our children, live for them, and give our lives to them."

And this is not mere sentiment, it is the highest statesmanship and the truest principle of economics. Charles Dickens, the advocate

of the kindergarten in England, was right when he declared, "there would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men and women, if there were fewer children starved and fed improperly in heart and brain. Society can be improved only by making men and women better by wholesome education in childhood and infancy." When this principle is fully recognized in our democracy there will be a new perspective in legislation and a new adjustment of the agencies of government.

It has been said that Froebel discovered infancy as the most important part of the life of the individual and its proper treatment as the most important problem in education. Truly a great discovery, and probably his most important contribution to education and his surest guarantee of immortality. Out of this discovery came the kindergarten which in some form must continue as an integral part of the world's system of education. Much of the program of the kindergarten grows out of the fact that the child cannot be developed alone, in contact only with nature, or even in contact with older people. The child is a social being and must have the society of other children. This social contact is most useful in play and co-operative work—a principle too often forgotten even by scientific students of the child and its education. "We are not wholesome

unless we are self-forgetting" and we are most self-forgetting in spontaneous social activity. Life is the child's greatest teacher and it cannot teach its best lessons unless it be full and varied.

"Turning the attention upon selfish ends, no matter how remote or momentary, hurts the organization, contracts the intellect, dries up the emotions, and is felt as unhappiness. Turning the attention toward public ends benefits the organism, enlarges the intellect, and is felt as happiness." The social life of the kindergarten effectively directs the attention of the child toward unselfish ends.

Froebel's philosophy of education did not end with the development of the individual child, however important that may be. It includes the race. "Humanity is not fixed and stationary, but is steadily and progressively growing, in a state of ever-living development, ever ascending from one stage of culture to another, its goal partaking of the infinite and eternal." The welfare and happiness of the race is not less important than the welfare and happiness of the individual. The education of each must have regard to that of the other.

The value of the vocational and practical in education was understood by Froebel, and he is not the least among the forces that have given modern education its industrial tendency. But

his philosophy comprehends also the life that cannot live by bread alone. In a time when there is danger of over-emphasis on the trade school and narrow preparation for vocational efficiency alone, there is need that we refresh ourselves with the call of his high aim "to make the man whose feet shall stand on God's earth, rooted fast in nature, while his head towers up to heaven and reads its secrets with steady gaze, whose heart shall embrace both earth and heaven, shall enjoy the life of earth and nature with all its wealth of form and at the same time shall recognize the purity and peace of heaven, that unites in its love, God's earth with God's heaven."

To this end the publication of the matter making up the four sections of this book will render valuable service. Henrietta Schrader's "Girlhood Days at Keilhau," and Georg Ebers' recollections of his school days at Froebel's school, give the personal touch, while the selections from Dickens and Chapman present Froebel's philosophy of education from different points of view.

P. P. CLAXTON.

Washington, D.C., January 17, 1914.

PREFACE

THIS volume is the first of a series which the National Kindergarten Association has undertaken to prepare for the use of teachers and students.

During the three quarters of a century which spans the life of the kindergarten, book after book has made its appearance, its pages filled with descriptions and interpretations of this or that aspect of Froebel's system of education, and we are grateful for the steady output of helpful and attractive literature. More numerous, however, than the entire books on the subject are the significant single essays and sketches and studies of kindergarten philosophy and practice which have been contributed from time to time by well known educators and writers, and which have been published in educational magazines or records or reports.

Scattered thus over a wide range of space and time, this valuable literary material is inaccessible except to those who live within reach of the large city and university libraries. It is therefore the purpose of the National Kindergarten Association to gather such material into per-

manent and convenient form and offer it to the public. Such articles as have been selected have abiding value and therefore are never out of season.

The subsequent volumes of the series will deal with the Program or Course of Study in the Kindergarten: Kindergarten Philosophy and Psychology: The Kindergarten and Society: Kindergarten and the Arts: Games: Excursions: Gardening, and other related topics.

EDUCATION: FROEBEL

Reprinted by permission from Causes and Consequences, by John Jay Chapman. (Moffat, Yard & Co., Publishers.)

I HAVE two boys, aged seven and four. They required a governess and I got one. After a couple of months, during which the usual experiences in the training of young children were gone through, I discovered that it was I who was being educated. My mind was being swayed and drawn to a point of view. I was in contact with a method so profound that it seemed as if I were dealing with, or rather being dealt with by, the forces of nature. I was in the presence of great genius. What was it? The text-book on Froebel by Hughes in the International Series on Education made the matter clear.

Froebel was an experimental psychologist who used the terms of the German philosophy of his day. But the facts of life, the thing he was studying, was never for a moment absent from his mind. He lived in an age when the ideas of evolution were in the air, and before they had received their conclusive proof by being applied to morphology.

This application has for a time killed philosophy, for it has identified the new ideas with the physical sciences, and led men to study the human mind in psychology and from without, whereas the mind and its laws can, in the nature of things, be studied only through introspection. Froebel had a scientific intellect of the very first caliber; he had the conception of flux, of change, of evolution, to start with; and he took up introspectively the study of the laws of the human mind, choosing that province of the universe where they are most visibly and typically exposed,—the mind of the growing child.

The "laws" which he states are little more than a description of the phenomena that he observed. They are statements of the results of his experiments, and the language he employs can be translated to suit the education of almost any one. His attention was so concentrated upon fact that his terminology does not mislead. It can be translated into the language of metaphysics, of Christian theology, or of modern science, and it remains incorruptibly coherent.

His method of study was the only method which can obtain results in philosophy, self-study unconsciously carried on. He observed the child, and guessed at what was going on in its mind by a comparison with what he knew of himself. He was anxious to train young children intelli-

gently, and he found it necessary to describe and formulate his knowledge of the operation of their minds. It turns out that he made a statement of the universe more comprehensive, a philosophy more universal, than any other of which we have any record.

But this is not the most important thing he did. He devised a method based upon his experiments and set agoing the kindergarten upon its course in conquest of the world. If it had not been for this, he might never have been heard of, for the world has small use for systems of philosophy, however profound, expressed in terms which have been superseded and are become inexpressive. But Froebel started a practice. He showed the way. He put in the hands of persons to whom his philosophy must ever remain a mystery, the means of working out those practical ends for which that philosophy was designed.

The greatness of Froebel lies in this, that he saw the essential. What sort of an animal is man? asks the morphologist, for he is beginning to reach this point in his studies; and before he has asked it, Froebel has answered him.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength."

It may be said at once that the substance of everything Froebel says was known before. Solomon and Orpheus, Marcus Aurelius, Emer-

son, and all of us have known it. Otherwise Froebel would be unimportant. It is his correlation and his formulation of the main facts about human life that make him important. It is as a summary of wisdom, as a focus of idea, as a lens through which the rest of the ideas in the world can be viewed, that he is great.

The laws he discovered may be stated in a paragraph. The child is a growing organism. It is a unity. It develops through creative activity. It is benefited by contact with other children and is happy in proportion as it is unselfishly employed.

Let us assume for a moment that these things are true, that they are the most important truths about the child; and let us see how they must affect our views of life, of politics, sociology, art, religion, conduct. There is of course no moment at which the child ceases to be a child. The laws of its growth and being are not at any discoverable time superseded by any new laws. Man as a creature, as an organism, has here by Froebel, and for the first time in history, been ingenuously studied, and the main laws of him noted. With the discovery that he is a unity, there vanishes every classification of science made since the days of Aristotle. They are convenient dogmas, thumb rule distinctions, useful as aids in the further pushing of our studies into the workings of this unity. Take

up now a book of political economy, a poem, a history: this thought of Froebel's runs through it like quicksilver. The scheme of thought of the writer is by it dissolved at once into human elements. You find you are studying the operation of the mind of some one, whom you picture to yourself as a man, as a unit; you are interpreting this by your own experience. It is all psychology, you are pushing your analysis. The universe is receiving its interpretation through you yourself. We are thus brought to the point of view of the mystic, as the only conceivable point of view.

"That the organism develops by creative activity." This might have come as a deduction from Darwin. It is an expression in metaphysical language of the "struggle for life." Froebel discovered it independently. The consequences of a belief in it are so tremendous, that no man who is not prepared to spend the rest of his life completely dominated by the idea, ought even to pause to consider it.

Your capacities, your beliefs, your development, your spiritual existence, are the result of what you do. Active creation of some sort, occupation which takes your entire attention and calls upon you, merely incidentally and as a matter of course, for thought, resource, individual or original force; this will develop you and nothing else will.

The connection between this thought and the previous one is apparent. It is only by such creative activity that the organism as a unit gets into play. If you set a man copying or memorizing, you have occupied only a fraction of him. It you set him to making something, the minute he begins, his attention is concentrated. Willy nilly he is trying to make something significant, he is endeavoring to express himself, the forces and powers within him begin coming to his succor, offering aid and suggestion. Before he knows it, his whole being is in operation. The result is a statement of some sort, and in the process of making it the creature has developed. But when you say "significant" you have already implied the existence of other organisms. He is not expressing himself only, he is expressing them all, and here comes Froebel with his third great discovery, that it is by constant personal intercourse with others that the power to express is gained. And on top of this comes the last law, so closely related to the third as to be merely a new view of it, but discovered by experiment, tested by practice, announced empirically and as a fact, that the child is unselfish and only really happy when at work creatively and for the use and behoof of others.

This conclusion throws back its rays over the course of the argument, and we are compelled to see, what we have already known, that

unselfishness and intellectual development are one and the same thing, that there is no failure of intellect which cannot be expressed in terms of selfishness, and no selfishness that cannot be expressed as intellectual shortcoming. Criminology has reached the same point by another route.

The matter is really very simple, for anything self-regardant means a return of the organism upon itself, a stepping on your own toes, and brings self-consciousness, discomfort, pain. Self-sacrifice on the other hand brings fulfillment. The self-sacrifice is always illusory, and the development real. This becomes frightfully apparent in ingenuous and unhappy love affairs, for the organism robbed of fulfillment returns upon itself.

It makes little difference what province of thought we begin with in applying these views to the world. They give results like a table of logarithms. They do more than this, they unravel the most complex situations, they give the key to conduct and put a compass in the hands of progress. They explain history, they support religion, they justify instinct, they interpret character. They give the formula for doing consciously what mankind has been doing unconsciously in so far as it has been doing what any one of us in his soul approves of or cares to imitate.

Let us take up the most obvious deductions. If people develop according to their activities, their opinions will be a mere reflex of their conduct. What they see in the world comes out of what they do in the world. Here in a mere niche of Froebel we find the whole of Emerson.

The power and permanence of Sainte-Beuve are due to his having applied this theory to the interpretation of literature. He is not content till he has seen the relation between the conduct and the opinions, the conduct and the art of a character.

Or take Emerson himself, why was it that being so much he was not more? How came it that after his magnificent prologue in the Phi Beta Kappa address, which is like the opening of a symphony, he relapsed into iteration and brilliant but momentary visions of his own horizon? He kept repeating his theme till he piped himself into fragmentary inconsequence. The reason is that he had learned all he knew before he retired to Concord and contemplation. Active life would have made him blossom annually and last like Gladstone.

Or take Goethe: all that is questionable in him results from his violation of two of Froebel's laws of psychology. He fixed his attention upon self-development and thereby gradually ossified. Every moment of egotism was an intellectual loss. His contact with people, meanwhile,

became more and more formal as he grew older, and his work more and more inexpressive.

Give me a man's beliefs, and I will give you his occupation. What has happened to that radical that he seems to have become so moderate and reasonable? You find that for six months he has been clerk to the Civil Service Reform Club. Why is the mystical poetry of this intellectual man as vacant as the fashion print he edits for his daily bread? His employment has tracked his mind to these unearthly regions. He is dead here too.

There is no such thing as independent belief, based on evidence and reflection. The thing we call belief is a mere record left by conduct. If you sincerely go through the regimen of Loyola's manual, you will come out a Jesuit. You can no more resist it than you can resist the operation of ether. This man is an optimist. It means that he has struggled. That man is a pessimist. It means that he has shirked. Here is one who has been in touch with all movements for good during a dismal era of corruption, and yet he has no faith. It means that the whole of him has not been enlisted. His conscience has drawn him forward. It is not enough. There is compromise in him. He is not an absolute fighter.

Here is the most excellent gentleman in America, an old idealist untouchably transcen-

dental, an educated man. To your amazement he thinks that it is occasionally necessary to subsidize the powers of evil. He was bred a banker.

Here is a village schoolma'am who from a rag of information in a county paper has divined the true inwardness of a complicated controversy at Washington which you happen to know all about. She has been reforming a poorhouse.

A is a clergyman, good but ineffective. He relies on beneficence and persuasion. He does not know the world better than a club loafer knows it. The only entry to it is by attack, the only progress by action.

B is a good fellow, yet betrays a momentary want of delicacy which gives you a shock, and which you forgive him, saying: "It is a coarseness of natural fiber." It is no such thing. There is in every man a natural fiber as fine as a poet's. His coarseness is the residuum of an act.

You meet a man whom you have known as a court stenographer, and whom you have supposed to be drowned in worldly cares. At a chophouse he gives you a discourse on Plato's Phædrus, which he interprets in a novel way. The brains of the man surprise you. This man, though he looks sordid, positively must have been sending a younger brother to college during many years. There is no other explanation of him.

The nemesis of conduct then stalks about in the form of a natural law, not as the pseudo science of fancy, but as a mode of growth, modestly formulated by a great naturalist.

Take the matter up on its other side. You can only discover in the universe, try how you will, strain your eyes how you please, you can only see what you have lived. Out of our activity comes our character, and it is with this that we see beauty or ugliness, hope or despair. It is by this that we gauge the operation of economic law and of all other spiritual forces. It is with this that we interpret all things. What we see is only our own lives.

We are all more or less in contact with human life. We live in a pandemonium, a paradise of illustrations, and if we have only eyes to see, there is enough in any tenement house to-day to lay bare the heart and progress of Greek art.

But the worst is to come—the horror that makes intellect a plaything. By a double consequence the past fetters the future. Once take any course and our eyes begin to see it as right, our hearts to justify it. Only fighting can save us, and we see nothing to fight for. Thraldom enters, and night like death where no voice reaches. The eternal struggle is for vision.

How idiotic are the compliments or the contempt of the inexperienced! Nothing but life teaches. Hallam thinks Juliet immodest,

and he had read all the literatures of Europe. If you want to understand the Greek civilization you have got to be Sophocles. If you want to understand the New Testament you have got to be Christ. If you want to understand that most complex and difficult of all things, the present, you must be some or all of it, some of it any way. You must have it ground into you by a contact so wrenchingly close, by a struggle so severe, that you lose consciousness, and afterwards—next year—you will understand.

Here is the reaction familiar to all men since the dawn of history, which makes the man of action the hero of all times. It goes in courage, it comes out power.

This reaction, this transformation, goes forward in the very stuff that we are made of, and if we come to look at it closely, we are obliged to speak of it in terms of consciousness. There are so many different kinds of consciousness that the best we can do is to remind some one else of the kind we mean. The hand of the violinist is unconscious to the extent that it is functioning properly, and as his command over music develops this unconsciousness creeps up his arm and possesses his brain and being, until he, as he plays, is completely *un*self-conscious and his music is the mere projection of an organism which is functioning freely.

But this condition of complete concentration

makes us in a different sense of the word self-conscious in the highest degree, self-comprehending, self-controlled, self-expressing. And it is in this philosophical sense that the word self-conscious is used by the Germans, and may sometimes be conveniently used by us, if we can do so without foregoing the right to use the words conscious and unconscious in their popular sense at other times.

The discovery of Froebel was that this mastery over our own powers was to be obtained only through creative activity. The suggestion, it may be noted, is destined to reorganize every school of violin playing in Europe. For we have here the major canon of a rational criticism. We find that in the old vocabulary such words as genius, temperament, style, originality, etc., have always been fumblingly used to denote different degrees in which some man's brain was working freely and with full self-consciousness. A deliverance of this kind has always been designated as "creative," no matter in what field it was found.

Approaching the matter more closely, we see that the whole of the man must have responded in real life to every particle of experience which he uses in his work. An imitation means something which does not represent an original unitary vibration.

Goethe puts in the mouth of the mad Gretchen

a snatch of German song in imitation of Ophelia. The treatment does not fit the character. It has only been through that part of Goethe's mind with which he read Shakespeare. As a sequel to this suggestion, the peasant of the early scenes has lavished upon her all the various reminiscences of the pathetic that Goethe could muster. It is moving, but it is inorganic. It is not true.

For note this, that while it takes the whole of a man to do anything true, no matter how small, anything that the whole of him does is right. Hence the inimitable grotesques of greatness, the puns in tragedy. These things belong to the very arcana of nature. By and by, when the reasons are understood, nature will be respected. No one will attempt to imitate genius, or to reproduce an artistic effect of any kind.

If we look at recent literature by the light of this canon, we find the reason for its inferiority. It is the work of half minds, of men upon whose intelligence the weight of a dogma is pressing.

The eclipse of philosophy was of course reflected in fiction. There is the same trouble with Herbert Spencer as with Zola. Each of them thinks to wrest the secrets of sociology from external observation. Their books lack objectivity and are ephemeral. Kant and Balzac did better because their method was truer.

Everything good that has been done in the last fifty years has been done in the teeth of current science. The whole raft of English scientists are children playing with Raphael's brushes the moment they leave some specialty. There never lived a set of men more blinded by dogma, blinded to the meaning of the past, to the trend of the future, by the belief that they had found new truth. Not one of them can lift the stone and show what lies under Darwin's demonstration. They run about with little pamphlets and proclaim a New Universe like Frenchmen. They bundle up all beliefs into a great Dogma of Unbelief, and throw away the kernel of life with the shell. This was inevitable. A generation or two was well sacrificed, in this last fusillade of the Dogma of Science—the old guard dogma that dies but never surrenders. Hereafter it will be plain that the whole matter is a matter of symbols on the one hand, knowledge of human nature on the other.

Herbert Spencer has been a useful churchwarden to science, but his knowledge of life was so trifling, his own personal development so one-sided, that his sociology is a farce.

This canon of criticism explains in a very simple manner the art ages, times when apparently every one could paint, or speak, or compose. The art which is lost is really the art of courageous action. Neither war nor dogma

nor revolution is necessary, for feeling can no more be lost than force, and the power to express it depends upon an interest in life. The past has enriched us with conventions, and whenever a man or a group of men arises who uses them and is not subdued to them, we have art. The thing is easy. To the doers it is a mere knack of the attention.

We had almost thought that art was finished, and we find we are standing at the beginning of all things. Froebel has found a formula which fits every human activity.

Let us take the supreme case, the apogee of human development, and what will it be?

The sum of all possible human knowledge is, as we have seen, an expansion of our understanding of human nature, and this is got by intercourse, by dealing with men, by getting them to do something. In order to make them do it, in order to govern, you must understand, and the rulers of mankind are the wisest of the species. They summarize society. Solomon, Cæsar, Hildebrand, Lincoln, Bismarck, these men knew their world.

But if a virtuous ruler be the prototype of all possible human fulfillment, there is no other art or province of employment to which the same views do not apply. When any man reaps some of the power which his toil has sown, and throws it out as a note or a book or a statue, it

has an organic relation to the human soul and is valuable forever. There is only one rule of art. Let a man work at a thing till it looks right to *him*. Let him adjust and refine it till, as he looks at it, it passes straight into him, and he grows for a moment unconscious again, that the forces which produced it may be satisfied. As it stands then, it is the best he can do. In so far as we completely develop this power we become completely happy and completely useful, for our acts, our statements, our notes, our books, our statues, become universally significant.

Once feel this truth, and you begin to lose the sense of your identity, to know that your destiny, your self, is an organic part of all men. It is they that speak. It is themselves that have been found and expressed. It was this toward which we tended, this that we cared for —action, art, intellect, unselfishness, are they not one thing?

The complete development of every individual is necessary to our complete happiness. And there is no reason why any one who has ever been to a dull dinner party should doubt this. Nay, history gives proof that solitude is dangerous. Man cannot sing, nor write, nor paint, nor reform, nor build, nor do anything except die, alone. The reasons for this are showered upon us by the idea of Froebel, no matter which side of it is turned toward us.

This philosophy which seemed so dry till we began to see what it meant, begins now to circumscribe God and include everything. For Christ himself was one whose thoughts were laws and whose deeds are universal truth. Shakespeare's plays are universal truth. They are the projection of a completely developed and completely unconscious human intellect. They educated Germany, and it is to the study of them that Hegel's view of life is due. The great educational forces in the world are proportioned in power to the development of the individual man in the epochs they date from. Here and there, out of a hotbed, arises a personal influence which directs thought for a thousand years and qualifies time forever.

The division of the old ethics into egoism and altruism receives the sanction of science. The turning of the attention upon selfish ends, no matter how remote nor how momentary, hurts the organism, contracts the intellect, dries up the emotions, and is felt as unhappiness. The turning of the attention toward public aims benefits the organism, enlarges the intellect, and is felt as happiness. There is no complexity possible, for any mixed motive is a selfish motive.

All the virtues are different names for the injunction of self-mastery, by which the internal struggle is made more severe, and the force

cooped in and controlled until it is released in the functioning of the whole man.

In any sincere struggle for right, then, no matter how petty, we are fighting for mankind, and this is just what everybody has always known, always believed.

It is thrown at us as a great paradox, that somebody must pay the bills; that if you live upon charity and can succeed in getting yourself crucified, you are still a mere product of thrift and selfishness somewhere. But the paradox is the same if put the other way, for selfishness would never support you.

The question is purely one of fact, what thing comes first, what thing satisfies the heart of man. He may support himself merely as a means to help others. A man may start a pauper and die a millionaire, and yet never think a thought or do an act which does not add to the welfare of man. It is a question of ultimate controlling intention.

Man the microcosm is a kingdom where reigns continual war. Now he is a furnace of love, the next moment he is a mean scamp. We know very little about the mechanism by which these microcosms communicate with one another. It seems likely that every iota of feeling must be either transmitted or transformed; that if a spasm of selfishness be conveyed, or some part of it, even by a glimpse of the eye, it

must leave a record of injury and start on a career of injury, just so much loss to the world. On the other hand it may be transformed into the other kind of force and expended later in good.

The thing is governed by some simple law, although man has not yet been able to reduce it to algebra. What is most curious is this, that the tendency of any man to believe in the reaction as a law, is not dependent upon his scientific training, but upon his moral experience. The best heads in physics will still betray a belief that a man must be able to afford to be unselfish, that selfishness often does good, that it is a muddled up affair, and a thing outside of science which they will get round to later. Everybody sees a few degrees in the arc of this law. Read the index on the quadrant and you will have his character. Now and then some saint swears he sees a circle.

Let us press the inquest. It is not likely that life itself is duplex or consists of two kinds of force, one egoistic, one altruistic. The likelihood is the other way. There is only one force which vibrates through these organisms. It is absolutely beneficent only when it completely controls one of them, so that the whole thing sings together.

This music is the highest, but the notes that go to make it up are everywhere. Altruism

does not arise, is not imposed from without, at any period or by any crisis, by progress or by society. The spiral unwinds with the unwinding life upon the globe. It is the form of illusion under which all life proceeds. It is the law of mind. The eye treats space and color as entities. It cannot see on any other terms. The stomach digests food, but not its own lining. We are obliged to think in terms of the objective universe. We are not wholesome unless we are self-forgetting. There is no cranny in all the million manifestations of nature where you can interfere between the organism and its object without representing disease.

And man is more than a mere altruistic animal. At least the religions of Humanity have never expressed him. At those times when he is entirely unselfish and therefore entirely himself, when he feels himself to be one single well-spring, all unselfishness, all love, all reverence, all service to something not himself, yet something personal, he has faith. The theologies are attempts to formulate this state of mind in order that it may be preserved. It is clear enough that every mind must speak in its own symbols, and that the symbols of one must always appear to another as illusions. Yet each man for himself knows he faces a reality. This is a psychological necessity. Destroy the belief, and on the instant he changes. Show him that

he is the victim of an illusion, and he is divided, a half man. A man whose mind is divided, as, for instance, by the consciousness of a personal motive, cannot believe. He stands like the wicked king in the play of Hamlet; unable to pray. It is a psychological impossibility.

The concern of mankind for their forms of doctrine is gratuitous. Faith re-appears under new names. You cannot convince a lover that he is bent on self-development, nor any decent man that he does not believe in, is not controlled by, something higher than himself. The question is not one of words.

We may trace this reverent attitude of mind upward through the acts and activities of the spirit, and it makes no difference whether we regard religion as the source and origin of them all or as the summary of them all.

In Shakespeare's plays we see a cycle of human beings, the most living that we have ever met with, and the absence of mystical or emotional religion from many of the plays is one of the wonders of nature. There is no God anywhere, and God is everywhere; we are not offended. The reason may be that the element has been employed in the act of creation. Religion has been consumed in the development of character. It is felt in the relation of Shakespeare to the characters. It is here seen as artistic perfection. The same is true of the

Greek statues and of the Sistine Sibyls, and of other work left by those two periods, the only other periods in which the individual attained completion.

Observe that in all this philosophy there is no dogma anywhere, no term whose definition you have to learn, no term which makes the lying claim that it can be used twice with the same connotation. Froebel had the instinct of a poet and knew his language was figurative. It was this that freed him from the Middle Ages and gave him to the future. He took theology as lightly as he took metaphysics. He did not impose them, he evoked them. He lived and thought in the spirit.

If you turn from Froebel's analysis of human nature to Goethe's, there seem to be a thousand years between them. The one is scientific, the other is mediæval. The one has freed himself from the influences of the revival of learning, the other has not. The one is open, the other is closed. The one is free, the other is self-conscious. But Froebel has not yet set free the rest of the race, and of course the literature and practices of the kindergartners are full of dogmas. The terms of Froebel are a snare to those whose interest in childhood came later than their interest in education and whose attention is fixed upon the terms rather than upon the child. He is easy reading to the other sort.

But more important than Froebel's formulation of these great truths was his formulation of subsidiary truths. I do not mean his labored systems, but his practical suggestions born of experience as to how to help another person to develop. It was these methods, this attitude of the teacher towards the child, of the individual towards his fellow, that came at me in my own house unexpectedly, emanating from some unknown mind, which seemed so great as practically to include Christianity.

"Do not imagine," he says at every moment, "that you can do anything for this creature except by getting it to move spontaneously. You have not begun till you have done this, and remember that anything else you do is just so much harm."

He was never tired of suggesting devices for doing this. The following passage gives in a few words the answer to the most important practical question in life: how we ought to approach another human being. The thing is said so simply, it seems almost commonplace, yet it comes from one greater than Kant.

"Between educator and pupil, between request and obedience, there should invisibly rule a third something to which educator and pupil are equally subject. This third something is the *right*, the *best*, necessarily conditioned and expressed without arbitrariness in the circum-

stances. The calm recognition, the clear knowledge, and the serene, cheerful obedience to the rule of this third something, is the particular feature that should be constantly and clearly manifest in the bearing and the conduct of the educator and teacher, and often firmly and sternly emphasized by him."

Beneath this statement there lies a law of reaction. The human organism responds in kind. Strike a man and he strikes, sneer and he sneers, forget and he forgets. If you wish to convince him that you are right, concede that from his point of view he is right, then move the point and he follows. If you keep your temper in teaching a child, you teach him to keep his temper, and this is more important than his lesson.

The difficulty we find is to resist the reaction in ourselves to some one else's initiative. The affair is outside the province of reason, and results from a transfer of force by means which we do not understand. The command to "turn the other cheek" is a picturesque figure for the attitude which will enable you to prevail the quickest and by the highest means, and which Froebel enables us to see in its scientific aspect.

But it is unnecessary to illustrate further what any one who comes in contact with a kindergarten will, through all the mists of dogma and ignorance which overspread the

place, discover for himself. We have a science founded upon human nature, applied to education. Mr. Hughes in his closing paragraph uses the language of theology, but he makes no overstatement:—

"When Froebel's ethical teaching has wrought its perfect work in the homes, the schools, and the churches, then his complete ideal, which is the gospel ideal in practice, will be the greatest controlling and uplifting force in the world."

One word more about the relation between Froebel's thought and current science.

The view of man as an active animal, a struggler, alive and happy only in activity, falls in naturally with what we know of the animal kingdom. The philosophers are at war over science and religion, over the origin of the non-self-regarding instincts. By an external consideration of the animal hierarchy they have come to certain conclusions which they strive to apply to the highest animal, man. There is great boggling over him, because these non-self-regarding instincts, which are not very apparent from the outside, seem to conflict with certain generalizations relative to the conservation of species. The scientists look into a drop of water and see animals eating each other up. What they have not seen is that all this ferocity goes forward, subject to customs as rigid as a military code, and that it is this

code which conserves the species. The "struggle for existence" as it is commonly conceived would exterminate in short order any species that indulged in it.

Meanwhile Froebel, beginning at the other end of the scale and studying life from the inside, has established certain facts, certain laws, which have as great a weight, and deserve as much to be carried downward in the scale, as the generalizations of the naturalists (very likely imperfect) have to be carried upward.

The animal man is unselfish. It is impossible to make his organism vibrate as a unity except by some emotion which can be shown to be non-self-regarding. At what point in the scale of nature does this quality begin to manifest itself? Is the dog happy when he is selfish: do the laws of psychology outlined by Froebel apply, and to what extent do they apply, to the horse or the monkey? These things must be patiently studied, and the corrections must be made. In the mean time, in dealing with man himself, we are obliged to rely upon the latest scientific report of him, however imperfect, and until Froebel's laws are destroyed, we need not attempt to adjust our ideas of man to the dogmas developed by the study of the lower animals.

IN KEILHAU

Reprinted by permission from The Story of my Life, by Georg Ebers.

KEILHAU! How much is comprised in that one short word!

It recalls to my memory the pure happiness of the fairest period of boyhood, a throng of honored, beloved, and merry figures, and hundreds of stirring, bright, and amusing scenes in a period of life rich in instruction and amusement, as well as the stage so lavishly endowed by Nature on which they were performed. Jean Paul has termed melancholy the blending of joy and pain, and it was doubtless a kindred feeling which filled my heart in the days before my departure, and induced me to be particularly good and obliging to everybody in the house. My mother took us once more to my father's grave in the Dreifaltigkeits cemetery, where I made many good resolutions. Only the best reports should reach home from Keilhau, and I had already obtained excellent ones in Berlin.

On the evening of our departure there were numerous kisses and farewell glances at all that was left behind; but when we were seated in the

car with my mother, rushing through the landscape adorned with the most luxuriant spring foliage, my heart suddenly expanded, and the pleasure of travel and delight in the many new scenes before me destroyed every other feeling.

The first vineyard I saw at Naumburg—I had long forgotten those on the Rhine—interested me deeply; the Rudelsburg at Kösen, the ruins of a real ancient castle, pleased me no less because I had never heard Franz Kugler's song:

"Beside the Saale's verdant strand
Once stood full many a castle grand,
But roofless ruins are they all;
The wind sweeps through from hall to hall;
Slow drift the clouds above,"

which refers to this charming part of the Thuringian hill country. We were soon to learn to sing it at Keilhau. Weimar was the first goal of this journey. We had heard much of our classic poets; nay, I knew Schiller's Bell and some of Goethe's poems by heart, and we had heard them mentioned with deep reverence. Now we were to see their home, and a strange emotion took possession of me when we entered it.

Every detail of this first journey has remained stamped on my memory. I even know what we ordered for supper at the hotel where we spent the night. But my mother had a severe headache, so we saw none of the sights of Weimar

except the Goethe house in the city and the other one in the park. I cannot tell what my feelings were, they are too strongly blended with later impressions. I only know that the latter especially seemed to me very small. I had imagined the "Goethe House" like the palace of the Prince of Prussia or Prince Radziwill in Wilhelmstrasse. The Grand Duke's palace, on the contrary, appeared aristocratic and stately. We looked at it very closely, because it was the birthplace of the Princess of Prussia, of whom Fraulein Lamperi had told us so much.

The next morning my mother was well again. The railroad connecting Weimar and Rudolstadt, near which Keilhau is located, was built long after, so we continued our journey in an open carriage and reached Rudolstadt about noon.

After we had rested a short time, the carriage which was to take us to Keilhau drove up.

As we were getting in, an old gentleman approached, who instantly made a strong impression upon me. In outward appearance he bore a marked resemblance to Wilhelm Grimm. I should have noticed him among hundreds; for long gray locks, parted in the middle, floated around a nobly formed head, his massive yet refined features bore the stamp of a most kindly nature, and his eyes were the mirror of a pure, childlike soul. The rare charm of their sunny sparkle, when his warm heart expanded to

pleasure or his keen intellect had succeeded in solving any problem, comes back vividly to my memory as I write, and they beamed brightly enough when he perceived our companion. They were old acquaintances, for my mother had been to Keilhau several times on Martin's account. She addressed him by the name of Middendorf, and we recognized him as one of the heads of the institute, of whom we had heard many pleasant things.

He had driven to Rudolstadt with the "old bay," but he willingly accepted a seat in our carriage.

We had scarcely left the street with the hotel behind us, when he began to speak of Schiller, and pointed out the mountain which bore his name and to which in his "Walk" he had cried:

"Hail! oh my Mount, with radiant crimson peak."

Then he told us of the Lengefeld sisters, whom the poet had so often met here, and one of whom, Charlotte, afterward became his wife. All this was done in a way which had no touch of pedagogy or of anything specially prepared for children, yet every word was easily understood and interested us. Besides, his voice had a deep, musical tone, to which my ear was susceptible at an early age. He understood children of our disposition and knew what pleased them.

In Schaale, the first village through which we passed, he said, pointing to the stream which flowed into the Saale close by: "Look, boys, now we are coming into our own neighborhood, the valley of the Schaal. It owes its name to this brook, which rises in our own meadows, and I suppose you would like to know why our village is called Keilhau?"

While speaking, he pointed up the stream and briefly described its course.

We assented.

We had passed the village of Schaale. The one before us, with the church, was called Eichfeld, and at our right was another which we could not see, Lichtstadt. In ancient times, he told us, the mountain sides and the bottom of the whole valley had been clothed with dense oak forests. Then people came who wanted to till the ground. They began to clear (*lichten*) these woods at Lichtstadt. This was a difficult task, and they had used axes (*Keile*) for the purpose. At Eichfeld they felled the oaks (*Eiche*), and carried the trunks to Schaale, where the bark (*Schale*) was stripped off to make tan for the tanners on the Saale. So the name of Lichtstadt came from the *clearing of the forests*, Eichfeld from the *felling of the oaks*, Schaale from *stripping off the bark*, and Keilhau from the *hewing with axes*.

This simple tale of ancient times had sprung from the Thuringian soil, so rich in legends, and,

little as it might satisfy the etymologist, it delighted me. I believed it, and when afterward I looked down from a height into the valley and saw the Saale, my imagination clothed the bare or pine-clad mountain slopes with huge oak forests, and beheld the giant forms of the ancient Thuringians felling the trees with their heavy axes.

The idea of violence which seemed to be connected with the name of Keilhau had suddenly disappeared. It had gained meaning to me, and Herr Middendorf had given us an excellent proof of a fundamental requirement of Friedrich Froebel, the founder of the institution: "The external must be spiritualized and given an inner significance."

The same talented pedagogue had said, "Our education associates instruction with the external world which surrounds the human being as child and youth"; and Middendorf carried out this precept when, at the first meeting, he questioned us about the trees and bushes by the wayside, and when we were obliged to confess our ignorance of most of them, he mentioned their names and described their peculiarities.

At last we reached the Keilhau plain, a bowl whose walls formed tolerably high mountains which surrounded it on all sides except toward Rudolstadt, where an opening permitted the Schaalbach to wind through meadows and fields.

So the village lies like an egg in a nest open in one direction, like the beetle in the calyx of a flower which has lost one of its leaves. Nature has girded it on three sides with protecting walls which keep the wind from entering the valley, and to this, and the delicious, crystal-clear water which flows from the mountains into the pumps, its surprising healthfulness is doubtless due. During my residence there of four and a half years there was no epidemic disease among the boys, and on the fiftieth jubilee of the institute, in 1867, which I attended, the statement was made that during the half century of its existence only one pupil had died, and he had had heart disease when his parents sent him to the school.

We must have arrived on Sunday, for we met on the road several peasants in long blue coats, and peasant women in dark cloth cloaks with gold-embroidered borders, and little black caps from which ribbons three or four feet long hung down the wearers' backs. The cloaks descended from mother to daughter. They were very heavy, yet I afterward saw peasant women wear them to church in summer.

At last we drove into the broad village street. At the right, opposite to the first houses, lay a small pond called the village pool, on which ducks and geese floated, and whose dark surface, glittering with many hues, reflected the shepherd's hut. After we had passed some very fine

farmhouses, we reached the "Plan," where bright waters plashed into a stone trough, a linden tree shaded the dancing-ground, and a pretty house was pointed out as the schoolhouse of the village children.

A short distance farther away the church rose in the background. But we had no time to look at it, for we were already driving up to the institute itself, which was at the end of the village, and consisted of two rows of houses with an open space closed at the rear by the wide front of a large building.

The bakery, a small dwelling, and the large gymnasium were at our left; on the right, the so-called Lower House, with the residences of the head-masters' families, and the school and sleeping-rooms of the smaller pupils, whom we dubbed the "Panzen," and among whom were boys only eight and nine years old.

The large house before whose central door—to which a flight of stone steps led—we stopped, was the Upper House, our future home.

Almost at the same moment we heard a loud noise inside, and an army of boys came rushing down the steps. These were the "pupils," and my heart began to throb faster.

They gathered around the Rudolstadt carriage boldly enough and stared at us. I noticed that almost all were bareheaded. Many wore their hair falling in long locks down their backs. The

few who had any coverings used black velvet caps, such as in Berlin would be seen only at the theater or in an artist's studio.

Middendorf had stepped quickly among the lads, and as they came running up to take his hand or hang on his arm we saw how they loved him.

But we had little time for observation. Barop, the head-master, was already hastening down the steps, welcoming my mother and ourselves with his deep, musical tones, in a pure Westphalian dialect.

Entering the Institute.

Barop's voice sounded so sincere and cordial that it banished every thought of fear, otherwise his appearance might have inspired boys of our age with a certain degree of timidity, for he was a broad-shouldered man of gigantic stature, who, like Middendorf, wore his gray hair parted in the middle, though it was cut somewhat shorter. A pair of dark eyes sparkled under heavy, bushy brows, which gave them the aspect of clear springs shaded by dense thickets. They now gazed kindly at us, but later we were to learn their irresistible power. I have said, and I still think, that the eyes of the artist, Peter Cornelius, are the most forceful I have ever seen, for the very genius of art gazed from them. Those of our Barop produced no weaker influence in their

way, for they revealed scarcely less impressively the character of a man. To them, especially, was due the implicit obedience that every one rendered him. When they flashed with indignation the defiance of the boldest and most refractory quailed. But they could sparkle cheerily, too, and whoever met his frank, kindly gaze felt honored and uplifted.

Earnest, thoroughly natural, able, strong, reliable, rigidly just, free from any touch of caprice, he lacked no quality demanded by his arduous profession, and hence he whom even the youngest addressed as "Barop" never failed for an instant to receive the respect which was his due, and, moreover, had from us all the voluntary gift of affection, nay, of love. He was, I repeat, every inch a man.

When very young, the conviction that the education of German boys was his real calling obtained so firm a hold upon his mind that he could not be dissuaded from giving up the study of the law, in which he had made considerable progress at Halle, and devoting himself to pedagogy.

His father, a busy lawyer, had threatened him with disinheritance if he did not relinquish his intention of accepting the by no means brilliant position of a teacher at Keilhau; but he remained loyal to his choice, though his father executed his threat and cast him off. After the old gentle-

man's death his brothers and sisters voluntarily restored his portion of the property, but, as he himself told me long after, the quarrel with one so dear to him saddened his life for years. For the sake of the "fidelity to one's self" which he required from others he had lost his father's love, but he had obeyed a resistless inner voice, and the genuineness of his vocation was to be brilliantly proved.

Success followed his efforts, though he assumed the management of the Keilhau Institute under the most difficult circumstances.

Beneath its roof he had found in the niece of Friedrich Froebel a beloved wife, peculiarly suited both to him and to her future position. She was as little as he was big, but what energy, what tireless activity this dainty, delicate woman possessed! To each one of us she showed a mother's sympathy, managed the whole great household down to the smallest details, and certainly neglected nothing in the care of her own sons and daughters.

A third master, the archdeacon Langethal, was one of the founders of the institution, but had left it several years before.

As I mention him with the same warmth that I speak of Middendorf and Barop, many readers will suspect that this portion of my reminiscences contains a receipt for favors, and that reverence and gratitude, nay, perhaps the fear

of injuring an institution still existing, induces me to show only the lights and cover the shadows with the mantle of love.

I will not deny that a boy from eleven to fifteen years readily overlooks in those who occupy an almost paternal relation to him faults which would be immediately noted by the unclouded eyes of a critical observer; but I consider myself justified in describing what I saw in my youth exactly as it impressed itself on my memory. I have never perceived the smallest flaw or even a trait or act worthy of censure in either Barop, Middendorf, or Langethal. Finally, I may say that, after having learned in later years from abundant data willingly placed at my disposal by Johannes Barop, our teacher's son and the present master of the institute, the most minute details concerning their character and work, none of these images have sustained any material injury.

In Friedrich Froebel, the real founder of the institute, who repeatedly lived among us for months, I have learned to know from his own works and the comprehensive amount of literature devoted to him, a really talented idealist, who on the one hand cannot be absolved from an amazing contempt for or indifference to the material demands of life, and on the other possessed a certain artless selfishness which gave him courage, whenever he wished to pro-

mote objects undoubtedly pure and noble, to deal arbitrarily with other lives, even where it could hardly redound to their advantage. I shall have more to say of him later.

The source of Middendorf's greatness in the sphere where life and his own choice had placed him may even be imputed to him as a fault. He, the most enthusiastic of all Froebel's disciples, remained to his life's end a lovable child, in whom the powers of a rich poetic soul surpassed those of the thoughtful, well-trained mind. He would have been ill-adapted for any practical position, but no one could be better suited to enter into the soul-life of young human beings, cherish and ennoble them.

A deeper insight into the lives of Barop and Langethal taught me to prize these men more and more.

They have all rested under the sod for decades, and though their institute, to which I owe so much, has remained dear and precious, and the years I spent in the pleasant Thuringian mountain valley are numbered among the fairest in my life, I must renounce making proselytes for the Keilhau Institute, because when I saw its present head for the last time, as a very young man, I heard from him, to my sincere regret, that, since the introduction of the law of military service, he found himself compelled to make the course of study at Rudolstadt conform to the

system of teaching in a Realschule.* He was forced to do so in order to give his graduates the certificate for the one year's military service.

The classics, formerly held in such high esteem beneath its roof, must now rank below the sciences and modern languages, which are regarded as most important. But love for Germany and the development of German character, which Froebel made the foundation of his method of education, are too deeply rooted there ever to be extirpated. Both are as zealously fostered in Keilhau now as in former years.

After a cordial greeting from Barop, we had desks assigned us in the schoolroom, which were supplied with piles of books, writing materials, and other necessaries. Ludo's bed stood in the same dormitory with mine. Both were hard enough, but this had not damped our gay spirits, and when we were taken to the other boys we were soon playing merrily with the rest.

The first difficulty occurred after supper, and proved to be one of the most serious I encountered during my stay in the school.

My mother had unpacked our trunks and arranged everything in order. Among the articles were some which were new to the boys, and special notice was attracted by several pairs of kid gloves and a box of pomade which belonged

*School in which the arts and sciences as well as the languages are taught.—TR.

in our pretty leather dressing-case, a gift from my grandmother.

Dandified, or, as we should now term them, "dudish" affairs, were not allowed at Keilhau; so various witticisms were made which culminated when a pupil of about our own age from a city on the Weser called us Berlin pomade-pots. This vexed me, but a Berlin boy always has an answer ready, and mine was defiant enough. The matter might have ended here had not the same lad stroked my hair to see how Berlin pomade smelt. From a child nothing has been more unendurable than to feel a stranger's hand touch me, especially on the head, and, before I was aware of it, I had dealt my enemy a resounding slap. Of course, he instantly rushed at me, and there would have been a violent scuffle had not the older pupils interfered. If we wanted to do anything, we must wrestle. This suited my antagonist, and I, too, was not averse to the contest, for I had unusually strong arms, a well-develcped chest, and had practiced wrestling in the Berlin gymnasium.

The struggle began under the direction of the older pupils, and the grip on which I had relied did not fail. It consisted in clutching the antagonist just above the hips. If the latter were not greatly my superior, and I could exert my whole strength to clasp him to me, he was lost. This time the clever trick did its duty, and my

adversary was speedily stretched on the ground. I turned my back on him, but he rose, panting breathlessly, "It's like a bear squeezing one." In reply to every question from the older boys who stood around us laughing, he always made the same answer, "Like a bear."

I had reason to remember this very common incident in boy life, for it gave me the nickname used by old and young till after my departure. Henceforward I was always called "the bear." Last year I had the pleasure of receiving a visit from Dr. Bareuther, a member of the Austrian Senate and a pupil of Keilhau. We had not met for forty years, and his first words were: "Look at me, Bear. Who am I?"

My brother had brought his nickname with him, and everybody called him Ludo instead of Ludwig. The pretty, bright, agile lad, who also never flinched, soon became especially popular, and my companions were also fond of me, as I learned, when, during the last years of my stay at the institute, they elected me captain of the first Bergwart—that is, commander-in-chief of the whole body of pupils.

My first fight secured my position forever. We doubtless owed our initiation on the second day into everything which was done by the pupils, both openly and secretly, to the good impression made by Martin. There was nothing wrong, and even where mischief was concerned

I can term it to-day "harmless." The new boys or "foxes" were not neglected or "hazed," as in many other schools. Only every one, even the newly arrived younger teachers, was obliged to submit to the "initiation." This took place in winter, and consisted in being buried in the snow and having pockets, clothing, nay, even shirts, filled with the clean but wet mass. Yet I remember no cold caused by this rude baptism. My mother remained several days with us, and as the weather was fine she accompanied us to the neighboring heights—the Kirschberg, to which, after the peaceful cemetery of the institute was left behind, a zigzag path led; the Kolm, at whose foot rose the Upper House; and the Steiger, from whose base flowed the Schaalbach, and whose summit afforded a view of a great portion of the Thuringian Mountains.

We older pupils afterwards had a tall tower erected there as a monument to Barop, and the prospect from its lofty summit, which is more than a thousand feet high, is magnificent.

Even before the completion of this lookout, the view was one of the most beautiful and widest far or near, and we were treated like most newcomers. During the ascent our eyes were bandaged, and when the handkerchief was removed a marvelous picture appeared before our astonished gaze. In the foreground, toward the left, rose the wooded height crowned by the

stately ruins of the Blankenburg. Beyond opened the beautiful leafy bed of the Saale, proudly dominated by the Leuchtenburg. Before us there was scarcely any barrier to the vision; for behind the nearer ranges of hills one chain of the wooded Thuringian Mountains towered beyond another, and where the horizon seemed to close the grand picture, peak after peak blended with the sky and the clouds, and the light veil of mist floating about them seemed to merge all into an indivisible whole.

I have gazed from this spot into the distance at every hour of the day and season of the year. But the fairest time of all on the Steiger was at sunset, on clear autumn days, when the scene close at hand, where the threads of gossamer were floating, was steeped in golden light, the distance in such exquisite tints—from crimson to the deepest violet blue, edged with a line of light—the Saale glimmered with a silvery luster amid its fringe of alders, and the sun flashed on the glittering panes of the Leuchtenburg.

We were now old enough to enjoy the magnificence of this prospect. My young heart swelled at the sight; and if in after years my eyes could grasp the charm of a beautiful landscape and my pen successfully describe it, I learned the art here.

It was pleasant, too, that my mother saw all this with us, though she must often have gone to rest very much wearied from her rambles. But

teachers and pupils vied with each other in attentions to her. She had won all hearts. We noticed and rejoiced in it till the day came when she left us.

She was obliged to start very early in the morning, in order to reach Berlin the same evening. The other boys were not up, but Barop, Middendorf, and several other teachers had risen to take leave of her. A few more kisses, a wave of her handkerchief, and the carriage vanished in the village. Ludo and I were alone, and I vividly remember the moment when we suddenly began to weep and sob as bitterly as if it had been an eternal farewell. How often one human being becomes the sun of another's life! And it is most frequently the mother who plays this beautiful part.

Yet the anguish of parting did not last very long, and whoever had watched the boys playing ball an hour later would have heard our voices among the merriest. Afterwards we rarely had attacks of homesickness, there were so many new things in Keilhau, and even familiar objects seemed changed in form and purpose.

From the city we were in every sense transferred to the woods.

True, we had grown up in the beautiful park of the Thiergarten, but only on its edge; to live in and with Nature, "become one with her," as Middendorf said, we had not learned.

I once read in a novel by Jensen, as a well-attested fact, that during an inquiry made in a charity school in the capital a considerable number of pupils had never seen a butterfly or a sunset. We were certainly not to be classed among such children. But our intercourse with Nature had been limited to formal visits which we were permitted to pay the august lady at stated intervals. In Keilhau she became a familiar friend, and we therefore were soon initiated into many of her secrets; for none seemed to be withheld from our Middendorf and Barop, whom duty and inclination alike prompted to sharpen our ears also for her language.

The Keilhau games and walks usually led up the mountains or into the forest, and here the older pupils acted as teachers, but not in any pedagogical way. Their own interest in whatever was worthy of note in Nature was so keen that they could not help pointing it out to their less experienced companions.

On our "picnics" from Berlin we had taken dainty mugs in order to drink from the wells; now we learned to seek and find the springs themselves, and how delicious the crystal fluid tastes from the hollow of the hand, Diogenes's drinking-cup!

Old Councillor Wellmer, in the Credé House, in Berlin, a zealous entomologist, owned a large

collection of beetles, and had carefully impaled his pets on long slender pins in neat boxes, which filled numerous glass cases. They lacked nothing but life. In Keilhau we found every variety of insect in central Germany, on the bushes and in the moss, the turf, the bark of trees, or on the flowers and blades of grass, and they were alive and allowed us to watch them. Instead of neatly written labels, living lips told us their names.

We had listened to the notes of the birds in the Thiergarten; but our mother, the tutor, the placards, our nice clothing, prohibited our following the feathered songsters into the thickets. But in Keilhau we were allowed to pursue them to their nests. The woods were open to every one, and nothing could injure our plain jackets and stout boots. Even in my second year at Keilhau I could distinguish all the notes of the numerous birds in the Thuringian forests, and, with Ludo, began the collection of eggs whose increase afforded us so much pleasure. Our teachers' love for all animate creation had made them impose bounds on the zeal of the egg-hunters, who were required always to leave one egg in the nest, and if it contained but one not to molest it. How many trees we climbed, what steep cliffs we scaled, through what crevices we squeezed to add a rare egg to our collection; nay, we even risked our limbs and necks! Life

is valued so much less by the young, to whom it is brightest, and before whom it still stretches in a long vista, than by the old, for whom its charms are already beginning to fade, and who are near its end.

I shall never forget the afternoon when, supplied with ropes and poles, we went to the Owl Mountain, which originally owed its name to Middendorf, because when he came to Keilhau he noticed that its rocky slope served as a home for several pairs of horned owls. Since then their numbers had increased, and for some time larger night birds had been flying in and out of a certain crevice.

It was still the laying season, and their nests must be there. Climbing the steep precipice was no easy task, but we succeeded, and were then lowered from above into the crevice. At that time we set to work with the delight of discoverers, but now I frown when I consider that those who let first the daring Albrecht von Calm, of Brunswick, and then me into the chasm by ropes were boys of thirteen or fourteen at the utmost. Marbod, my companion's brother, was one of the strongest of our number, and we were obliged to force our way like chimney sweeps by pressing our hands and feet against the walls of the narrow rough crevice. Yet it now seems a miracle that the adventure resulted in no injury. Unfortunately, we found the

young birds already hatched, and were compelled to return with our errand unperformed. But we afterward obtained such eggs, and their form is more nearly ball-shape than that seen in those of most other birds. We knew how the eggs of all the feathered guests of Germany were colored and marked, and the chest of drawers containing our collection stood for years in my mother's attic. When I inquired about it a few years ago, it could not be found, and Ludo, who had helped in gathering it, lamented its loss with me.

FRIEDRICH FROEBEL'S IDEAL OF EDUCATION

Dangerous enterprises were of course forbidden, but the teachers of the institute neglected no means of training our bodies to endure every exertion and peril; for Froebel was still alive, and the ideal of education, for whose realization he had established the Keilhau school, had become to his assistants and followers strong and healthy realities. But Froebel's purpose did not require the culture of physical strength. His most marked postulates were the preservation and development of the individuality of the boys intrusted to his care, and their training in *German* character and *German* nature; for he beheld the sum of all the traits of higher, purer manhood united in those of the true German.*

*What he terms "German" in his writings means manly and human in its higher sense.

Love for the heart, *strength* for the character, seemed to him the highest gifts with which he could endow his pupils for life.

He sought to rear the boy to unity with *himself*, with *God*, with *Nature*, and with *mankind*, and the way led to trust in *God* through *religion*, trust in *himself* by developing the *strength* of mind and body, and confidence in *mankind*—that is, in others, by active relations with life and a loving interest in the past and present destinies of our fellow-men. This required an eye and heart open to our surroundings, sociability, and a deeper insight into history. Here Nature seems to be forgotten. But Nature comes into the category of religion, for to him religion means: To know and feel at one with ourselves, with God, and with man; to be *loyal* to ourselves, to God, and to *Nature;* and to remain in continual active, living relations with God.

The teacher must lead the pupils to men as well as to God and Nature, and direct them from action to perception and thought. For *action* he takes special degrees, capacity, skill, trustworthiness; for *perception*, consciousness, insight, clearness. Only the practical and clear-sighted man can maintain himself as a thinker, opening out as a teacher new trains of thought, and comprehending the basis of

what is already acquired and the laws which govern it.

Froebel wishes to have the child regarded as a bud on the great tree of life, and therefore each pupil needs to be considered individually, developed mentally and physically, fostered and trained as a bud on the huge tree of the human race. Even as a system of instruction, education ought not to be a rigid plan, incapable of modification; it should be adapted to the individuality of the child, the period in which it is growing to maturity, and its environment. The child should be led to feel, work, and act by its own experiences in the present and in its home, not by the opinions of others or by fixed, prescribed rules. From independent, carefully directed acts and knowledge, perceptions, and thoughts, the product of this education must come forth—a man, or, as it is elsewhere stated, a thorough German. At Keilhau he is to be perfected, converted into a finished production without a flaw. If the institute has fulfilled its duty to the individual, he will be:

To his native land, a brave son in the hour of peril, in the spirit of self-sacrifice and sturdy strength.

To the family, a faithful child and a father who will secure prosperity.

To the state, an upright, honest, industrious citizen.

To the army, a clear-sighted, strong, healthy, brave soldier and leader.

To the trades, arts, and sciences, a skilled helper, an active promoter, a worker accustomed to thorough investigation, who has grown to maturity in close intercourse with Nature.

To Jesus Christ, a faithful disciple and brother; a loving, obedient child of God.

To mankind, a human being according to the image of God, and not according to that of a fashion journal.

No one is reared for the drawing-room; but where there is a drawing-room in which mental gifts are fostered and truth finds an abode, a true graduate of Keilhau will be an ornament. "No instruction in bowing and tying cravats is necessary; people learn that only too quickly," said Froebel.

The right education must be a harmonious one, and must be thoroughly in unison with the necessary phenomena and demands of human life.

Thus the Keilhau system of education must claim the *whole* man, his inner as well as his outer existence. Its purpose is to watch the nature of each individual boy, his peculiarities, traits, talents, above all, his character, and afford to all the necessary development and culture. It follows step by step the development of the human being, from the almost instinctive

impulse to feeling, consciousness, and will. At each one of these steps each child is permitted to have only what he can bear, understand, and assimilate, while at the same time it serves as a ladder to the next higher step of development and culture. In this way Froebel, whose own notes, collected from different sources, we are here following, hopes to guard against a defective or misdirected education; for what the pupil knows and can do has sprung, as it were, from his own brain. Nothing has been learned, but developed from within. Therefore the boy who is sent into the world will understand how to use it, and possess the means for his own further development and perfection from step to step.

Every human being has a talent for some calling or vocation, and strength for its development. It is the task of the institute to cultivate the powers which are especially requisite for the future fulfillment of the calling appointed by Nature herself. Here, too, the advance must be step by step. Where talent or inclination lead, every individual will be prepared to deal with even the greatest obstacles, and must possess even the capacity to represent externally what has been perceived and thought—that is, to speak and write clearly and accurately—for in this way the intellectual power of the individual will first be made active and visible to others. We perceive that Froebel strongly antagonizes

the Roman postulate that knowledge should be imparted to boys according to a thoroughly tested method and succession approved by the mature human intellect, and which seem most useful to it for later life.

The systematic method which, up to the time of Pestalozzi, prevailed in Germany, and is again embodied in our present mode of education, seemed to him objectionable. The Swiss reformer pointed out that the mother's heart had instinctively found the only correct system of instruction, and set before the pedagogue the task of watching and cultivating the child's talents with maternal love and care. He utterly rejected the old system, and Froebel stationed himself as a fellow-combatant at his side, but went still further.* This stand required a high degree of courage at the time of the founding of Keilhau, when Hegel's influence was omnipotent in educational circles, for Hegel set before the school the task of imparting culture, and forgot that it lacked the most essential conditions; for the school can give only knowledge, while true education demands a close relation between the person to be educated and the world from which

* Pestalozzi seemed to him in too great haste to fit the child for practical life. His mind should first lie before the teacher like an open book, and the instruction should then relate to whatever most warmly interested the pupil. After this was mastered, progress should first be made step by step.

the school, as Hegel conceived it, is widely sundered.

Froebel recognized that the extent of the knowledge imparted to each pupil was of less importance, and that the school could not be expected to bestow on each individual a thoroughly completed education, but an intellect so well trained that when the time came for him to enter into relations with the world and higher instructors he would have at his disposal the means to draw from both that form of culture which the school is unable to impart. He therefore turned his back abruptly on the old system, denied that the main object of education was to meet the needs of after-life, and opposed having the interests of the child sacrificed to those of the man; for the child in his eyes is sacred, an independent blessing bestowed upon him by God, towards whom he has the *one* duty of restoring to those who confided it to him in a higher degree of perfection, with unfolded mind and soul, and a body and character steeled against every peril. "A child," he says, "who knows how to do right in his own childish sphere, will grow naturally into an upright manhood."

With regard to instruction, his view, briefly stated, is as follows: The boy whose special talents are carefully developed, to whom we give the power of absorbing and reproducing everything which is connected with his talent, will

know how to assimilate, by his own work in the world and wider educational advantages, everything which will render him a perfect and thoroughly educated man. With half the amount of preliminary knowledge in the province of his specialty, the boy or youth dismissed by us as a harmoniously developed man, to whom we have given the methods requisite for the acquisition of all desirable branches of knowledge, will accomplish more than his intellectual twin who has been trained according to the ideas of the Romans (and, let us add, Hegel).

I think Froebel is right. If his educational principles were the common property of mankind, we might hope for a realization of Jean Paul's prediction that the world would end with a child's paradise. We enjoyed a foretaste of this paradise in Keilhau. But when I survey our modern gymnasia I am forced to believe that if they should succeed in equipping their pupils with still greater numbers of rules for the future, the happiness of the child would be wholly sacrificed to the interests of the man, and the life of this world would close with the birth of overwise graybeards. I might well be tempted to devote still more time to the educational principles of the man who, from the depths of his full, warm heart, addressed to parents the appeal, "Come, let us live for our children," but it would lead me beyond the allotted limits.

Many of Froebel's pedagogical principles undoubtedly appear at first sight a pallid theorem, partly a matter of course, partly impracticable. During our stay in Keilhau we never heard of these claims, concerning which we pupils were the subject of experiment. Far less did we feel that we were being educated according to any fixed method. We perceived very little of any form of government. The relation between us and our teachers was so natural and affectionate that it seemed as if no other was possible.

Yet, when I compared our life at Keilhau with the principles previously mentioned, I found that Barop, Middendorf, and old Langethal, as well as the sub-teachers Bagge, Budstedt, and Schaffner, had followed them in our education, and succeeded in applying many of those which seemed the most difficult to carry into execution. This filled me with sincere admiration, though I soon perceived that it could have been done only by men in whom Froebel had transplanted his ideal, men who were no less enthusiastic concerning their profession than he, and whose personality predestined them to solve successfully tasks which presented difficulties almost unconquerable by others.

Every boy was to be educated according to his peculiar temperament, with special regard to his disposition, talents, and character. Although

there were sixty of us, this was actually done in the case of each individual.

Thus the teachers perceived that the endowments of my brother, with whom I had hitherto shared everything, required a totally different system of education from mine. While I was set to studying Greek, he was released from it and assigned to modern languages and the arts and sciences. They considered me better suited for a life of study, him qualified for some practical calling or a military career.

Even in the tasks allotted to each, and the opinions passed upon our physical and mental achievements, there never was any fixed standard. These teachers always kept in view the whole individual, and especially his character. Thereby the parents of a Keilhau pupil were far better informed in many respects than those of our gymnasiasts, who so often yield to the temptation of estimating their sons' work by the greater or less number of errors in their Latin exercises.

It afforded me genuine pleasure to look through the Keilhau reports. Each contained a description of character, with a criticism of the work accomplished, partly with reference to the pupil's capacity, partly to the demands of the school. Some are little masterpieces of psychological penetration.

Many of those who have followed these

statements will ask how the *German nature and German character* can be developed in the boys.

It was thoroughly done in Keilhau.

But the solution of the problem required men like Langethal and Middendorf, who, even in their personal appearance models of German strength and dignity, had fought for their native land, and who were surpassed in depth and warmth of feeling by no man.

I repeat that what Froebel termed *German* was really the higher traits of human character; but nothing was more deeply imprinted on our souls than love for our native land. Here the young voices not only extolled the warlike deeds of the brave Prussians, but recited with equal fervor all the songs with which true patriotism has inspired German poets. Perhaps this delight in Germanism went too far in many respects; it fostered hatred and scorn of everything "foreign," and was the cause of the long hair, and cap, pike, and broad shirt collar worn by many a pupil. Yet their number was not very large, and Ludo, our most intimate friends, and I never joined them.

Barop himself smiled at their "Teutonism" but indulged it, and it was stimulated by some of the teachers, especially the magnificent Zeller, so full of vigor and joy in existence. I can still see the gigantic young Swiss, as he

made the pines tremble with his "Odin, Odin, death to the Romans!"

One of the pupils, Count zur Lippe, whose name was Hermann, was called "Arminius," in memory of the conqueror of Varus. But these were external things.

On the other hand, how vividly, during the history lesson, Langethal, the old warrior of 1813, described the course of the conflict for liberty!

Friedrich Froebel had also pronounced esteem for manual labor to be genuinely and originally German, and therefore each pupil was assigned a place where he could wield spades and pickaxes, roll stones, sow, and reap.

These occupations were intended to strengthen the body, according to Froebel's rules, and absorbed the greater part of the hours not devoted to instruction.

Midway up the Dissauberg was the spacious wrestling-ground with the shooting-stand, and in the courtyard of the institute the gymnasium for every spare moment of the winter. There fencing was practiced with fleurets (thrusting swords), not rapiers, which Barop rightly believed had less effect upon developing the agility of youthful bodies. Even when boys of twelve, Ludo and I, like most of the other pupils, had our own excellent rifles, a Christmas gift from our mother, and how quickly our keen

young eyes learned to hit the bull's-eye! There was good swimming in the pond of the institute, and skating was practiced there on the frozen surface of the neighboring meadow; then we had our coasting parties at the "Upper House" and down the long slope of the Dissau, the climbing and rambling, the wrestling, and jumping over the backs of comrades, the ditches, hedges, and fences, the games of prisoner's base which no Keilhau pupil will ever forget, the ball-playing and the various games of running for which there was always time, although at the end of the year we had acquired a sufficient amount of knowledge. The stiffest boy who came to Keilhau grew nimble, the biceps of the veriest weakling enlarged, the most timid nature was roused to courage. Indeed, here, if anywhere, it required courage to be cowardly.

If Froebel and Langethal had seen in the principle of comradeship the best furtherance of discipline, it was proved here; for we formed one large family, and if any act really worthy of punishment—no mere ebullition of youthful spirits—was committed by any of the pupils, Barop summoned us all, formed us into a court of justice, and we examined into the affair and fixed the penalty ourselves. For dishonorable acts, *expulsion* from the institute; for grave offenses, confinement to the room—a punishment which pledged even us, who imposed it, to

avoid all intercourse with the culprit for a certain length of time. For lighter misdemeanors the offender was confined to the house or the courtyard. If trivial matters were to be censured this Areopagus was not convened.

And we, the judges, were rigid executors of the punishment. Barop afterwards told me that he was frequently compelled to urge us to be more gentle. Old Froebel regarded these meetings as means for coming into unity with life. The same purpose was served by the form of our intercourse with one another, the pedestrian excursions, and the many incidents related by our teachers of their own lives, especially the historical instruction which was connected with the history of civilization and so arranged as to seek to make us familiar not only with the deeds of nations and bloody battles, but with the life of the human race.

In spite of, or on account of, the court of justice I have just mentioned, there could be no informers among us, for Barop only half listened to the accuser, and often sent him harshly from the room without summoning the schoolmate whom he accused. Besides, we ourselves knew how to punish the sycophant so that he took good care not to act as tale-bearer a second time.

Manners, and Froebel's Kindergarten.

The wives of the teachers had even more to do with our deportment than the dancing-master, especially Frau Barop and her husband's sister, Frau von Born, who had settled in Keilhau on account of having her sons educated there.

The fact that the head-master's daughters and several girls, who were friends or relatives of his family, shared many of our lessons, also contributed essentially to soften the manners of the young German savages.

I mention our "manners" especially because, as I afterwards learned, they had been the subject of sharp differences of opinion between Friedrich Froebel and Langethal, and because the arguments of the former are so characteristic that I deem them worthy of record.

There could be no lack of delicacy of feeling on the part of the founder of the kindergarten system, who had said, "If you are talking with any one, and your child comes to ask you about anything which interests him, break off your conversation, no matter what may be the rank of the person who is speaking to you," and who also directed that the child should receive not only love but respect. The first postulate shows that he valued the demands of the soul far above social forms. Thus it happened that during the first years of the institute, which he then governed himself, he was reproached with pay-

ing too little attention to the outward forms, the "behavior," the manners, of the boys intrusted to his care. His characteristic answer was: "I place no value on these forms unless they depend upon and express the inner self. Where that is thoroughly trained for life and work, externals may be left to themselves, and will supplement the other." The opponent admits this, but declares that the Keilhau method, which made no account of outward form, may defer this "supplement" in a way disastrous to certain pupils. Froebel's answer is: "Certainly, a wax pear can be made much more quickly and is just as beautiful as those on the tree, which require a much longer time to ripen. But the wax pear is only to look at, can barely be touched, far less could it afford refreshment to the thirsty and the sick. It is empty—a mere nothing! The child's nature, it is said, resembles wax. Very well, we don't grudge wax fruits to any one who likes them. But nothing must be expected from them if we are ill and thirsty; and what is to become of them when temptations and trials come, and to whom do they not come? Our educational products must mature slowly, but thoroughly, to genuine human beings whose inner selves will be deficient in no respect. Let the tailor provide for the clothes."

Froebel himself was certainly very careless in

the choice of his. The long cloth coat in which I always saw him was fashioned by the village tailor, and the old gentleman probably liked the garment because half a dozen children hung by the tails when he crossed the courtyard. It needed to be durable; but the well-fitting coats worn by Barop and Langethal were equally so, and both men believed that the good gardener should also care for the form of the fruit he cultivates, because, when ripe, it is more valuable if it looks well. They, too, cared nothing for wax fruits; nay, did not even consider them, because they did not recognize them as fruit at all.

Froebel's conversion was delayed, but after his marriage it was all the more thorough. The choice of this intellectual and kindly natured man, who set no value on the external forms of life, was, I might say, "naturally" a very elegant woman, a native of Berlin, the widow of the Kriegsrath Hofmeister. She speedily opened Froebel's eyes to the æsthetic and artistic element in the lives of the boys intrusted to his care—the element to which Langethal, from the time of his entrance into the institution, had directed his attention.

So in Keilhau, too, woman was to pave the way to greater refinement.

This had occurred long before our entrance into the institution. Froebel did not allude to wax pears now when he saw the pupils well

dressed and courteous in manner; nay, afterwards, in establishing the kindergarten, he praised and sought to utilize the comprehensive influence upon humanity of "woman," the guardian of lofty morality. Wives and mothers owe him as great a debt of gratitude as children, and should never forget the saying, "The mother's heart alone is the true source of the welfare of the child, and the salvation of humanity. The fundamental necessity of the hour is to prepare this soil for the noble human blossom, and render it fit for its mission."

To meet the need mentioned in this sentence the whole labor of the evening of his life was devoted. Amid many cares and in defiance of strong opposition he exerted his best powers for the realization of his ideal, finding courage to do so in the conviction uttered in the saying, "Only through the pure hands and full hearts of wives and mothers can the kingdom of God become a reality."

Unfortunately, I cannot enter more comprehensively here into the details of the kindergarten system—it is connected with Keilhau only in so far that both were founded by the same man. Old Froebel was often visited there by female kindergarten teachers and pedagogues who wished to learn something of this new institute. We called the former "Schakelinen"; the latter, according to a popular etymology, "Schakale."

The odd name bestowed upon the female kindergarten teachers was derived, as I learned afterwards, from no beast of prey, but from a figure in Jean Paul's "Levana," endowed with beautiful gifts. Her name is Madame Jacqueline, and she was used by the author to give expression to his own opinions of female education. Froebel has adopted many suggestions of Jean Paul, but the idea of the kindergarten arose from his own unhappy childhood. He wished to make the first five years of life, which to him had been a chain of sorrows, happy and fruitful to children—especially to those who, like him, were motherless.

Sullen tempers, the rod, and the strictest, almost cruel, constraint had overshadowed his childhood, and now his effort was directed towards having the whole world of little people join joyously in his favorite cry, "Friede, Freude, Freiheit!" (Peace, Pleasure, Liberty!) which corresponds with the motto of the Jahn gymnasium, "Frisch, Fromm, Fröhlich, Frei."

He also desired to utilize for public instruction the educational talents which woman undoubtedly possesses.

As in his youth, shoulder to shoulder with Pestalozzi, he had striven to rear growing boys in a motherly fashion to be worthy men, he now wished to turn to account, for the benefit of the whole wide circle of younger children, the trait

of maternal solicitude which exists in every woman. Women were to be trained for teachers, and the places where children received their first instruction were to resemble nurseries as closely as possible. He also desired to see the maternal tone prevail in this instruction.

He, through whose whole life had run the echo of the Saviour's words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," understood the child's nature and knew that its impulse to play must be used, in order to afford it suitable future nourishment for the mind and soul.

The instruction, the activity, and the movements of the child should be associated with the things which most interest him, and meanwhile it should be constantly employed in some creative occupation adapted to its intelligence.

If, for instance, butter was spoken of, by the help of suitable motions the cow was milked, the milk was poured into a pan and skimmed, the cream was churned, the butter was made into pats and finally sent to market. Then came the payment, which required little accounts. When the game was over, a different one followed, perhaps something which rendered the little hands skillful by preparing fine weaving from strips of paper; for Froebel had perceived that change brought rest.

Every kindergarten should have a small garden, to afford an opportunity to watch the

development of the plants, though only one at a time—for instance, the bean. By watching the clouds in the sky he directed the childish intelligence to the rivers, seas, and circulation of moisture. In the autumn the observation of the chrysalis state of insects was connected with that of the various stages of their existence.

In this way the child can be guided in its play to a certain creative activity, rendered familiar with the life of Nature, the claims of the household, the toil of the peasants, mechanics, etc., and at the same time increase its dexterity in using its fingers and the suppleness of its body. It learns to play, to obey, and to submit to the rules of the school, and is protected from the contradictory orders of unreasonable mothers and nurses.

Women and girls, too, were benefited by the kindergarten.

Mothers, whose time, inclination, or talents, forbade them to devote sufficient time to the child, were relieved by the kindergarten. Girls learned, as if in a preparatory school of future wife and motherhood, how to give the little one what it needed, and, as Froebel expresses it, to become the mediators between Nature and mind.

Yet even this enterprise, the outcome of pure love for the most innocent and harmless creatures, was prohibited and persecuted as perilous to the state under Frederick William IV, during

the period of the reaction which followed the insurrection of 1848.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE KEILHAU INSTITUTE, AND A GLIMPSE AT THE HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

I was well acquainted with the three founders of our institute—Friedrich Froebel, Middendorf, and Langethal—and the two latter were my teachers. Froebel was decidedly "the master who planned it."

When we came to Keilhau he was already sixty-six years old, a man of lofty stature, with a face which seemed to be carved with a dull knife out of brown wood.

His long nose, strong chin, and large ears, behind which the long locks, parted in the middle, were smoothly brushed, would have rendered him positively ugly, had not his "Come, let us live for our children" beamed so invitingly in his clear eyes. People did not think whether he was handsome or not; his features bore the impress of his intellectual power so distinctly that the first glance revealed the presence of a remarkable man.

Yet I must confess—and his portrait agrees with my memory—that his face by no means suggested the idealist and man of feeling; it seemed rather expressive of shrewdness, and to have been lined and worn by severe conflicts concerning the most diverse interests. But his voice

and his glance were unusually winning, and his power over the heart of the child was limitless. A few words were sufficient to win completely the shyest boy whom he desired to attract; and thus it happened that, even when he had been with us only a few weeks, he was never seen crossing the courtyard without a group of the younger pupils hanging to his coat-tails and clasping his hands and arms.

Usually they were persuading him to tell stories, and when he condescended to do so, older ones flocked around him too, and they were never disappointed. What fire, what animation the old man had retained! We never called him anything but "Oheim." The word "Onkel" he detested as foreign, because it was derived from "avunculus" and "oncle." With the high appreciation he had of "Tante"—whom he termed, next to the mother, the most important factor of education in the family—our "Oheim" was probably specially agreeable to him.

He was thoroughly a self-made man. The son of a pastor in Oberweissbach, in Thuringia, he had had a dreary childhood; for his mother died young, and he soon had a stepmother, who treated him with the utmost tenderness until her own children were born. Then an indescribably sad time began for the neglected boy, whose dreamy temperament vexed even his own father. Yet in this solitude his love for Nature

awoke. He studied plants, animals, minerals; and while his young heart vainly longed for love, he would have gladly displayed affection himself, if his timidity would have permitted him to do so. His family, seeing him prefer to dissect the bones of some animal rather than to talk with his parents, probably considered him a very unlovable child when they sent him, in his tenth year, to school in the city of Ilm.

He was received into the home of the pastor, his uncle Hoffman, whose mother-in-law, who kept the house, treated him in the most cordial manner, and helped him to conquer the diffidence acquired during the solitude of the first years of his childhood. This excellent woman first made him familiar with the maternal feminine solicitude, closer observation of which afterwards led him, as well as Pestalozzi, to a reform of the system of educating youth.

In his sixteenth year he went to a forester for instruction, but did not remain long. Meantime he had gained some mathematical knowledge, and devoted himself to surveying. By this and similar work he earned a living, until, at the end of seven years, he went to Frankfort-on-the-Main to learn the rudiments of building. There Fate brought him into contact with the pedagogue Gruner, a follower of Pestalozzi's method, and this experienced man, after their first conversation, exclaimed:

"You must become a schoolmaster!"

I have often noticed in life that a word at the right time and place has sufficed to give the destiny of a human being a different turn, and the remark of the Frankfort educator fell into Froebel's soul like a spark. He now saw his real profession clearly and distinctly before him.

The restless years of wandering, during which, unloved and scarcely heeded, he had been thrust from one place to another, had awakened in his warm heart a longing to keep others from the same fate. He, who had been guided by no kind hand and felt miserable and at variance with himself, had long been ceaselessly troubled by the problem of how the young human plant could be trained to harmony with itself and to sturdy industry. Gruner showed him that others were already devoting their best powers to solve it, and offered him an opportunity to try his ability in his model school.

Froebel joyfully accepted this offer, cast aside every other thought, and, with the enthusiasm peculiar to him, threw himself into the new calling in a manner which led Gruner to praise the "fire and life" he understood how to awaken in his pupils. He also left it to Froebel to arrange the plan of instruction which the Frankfort Senate wanted for the "model school," and succeeded in keeping him two years in his institution.

When a certain Frau von Holzhausen was looking for a man who would have the ability to lead her spoiled sons into the right path, and Froebel had been recommended, he separated from Gruner and performed his task with rare fidelity and a skill bordering upon genius. The children, who were physically puny, recovered under his care, and the grateful mother made him their private tutor from 1807 till 1810. He chose Verdun, where Pestalozzi was then living, as his place of residence, and made himself thoroughly familiar with his method of education. As a whole, he could agree with him; but, as has already been mentioned, in some respects he went further than the Swiss reformer. He himself called these years his "university course as a pedagogue," but they also furnished him with the means to continue the studies in natural history which he had commenced in Jena. He had laid aside for this purpose part of his salary as tutor, and was permitted, from 1810 to 1812, to complete in Göttingen his astronomical and mineralogical studies. Yet the wish to try his powers as a pedagogue never deserted him; and when, in 1812, the position of teacher in the Plamann Institute in Berlin was offered him, he accepted it. During his leisure hours he devoted himself to gymnastic exercises, and even late in life his eyes sparkled when he spoke of his friend, old Jahn, and the political elevation of Prussia.

When the summons "To my People" called the German youth to war, Froebel had already entered his thirty-first year, but this did not prevent his resigning his office and being one of the first to take up arms. He went to the field with the Lutzow Jägers, and soon after made the acquaintance among his comrades of the theological students Langethal and Middendorf. When, after the Peace of Paris, the young friends parted, they vowed eternal fidelity, and each solemnly promised to obey the other's summons, should it ever come. As soon as Froebel took off the dark uniform of the black Jägers he received a position as curator of the museum of mineralogy in the Berlin University, which he filled so admirably that the position of Professor of Mineralogy was offered to him from Sweden. But he declined, for another vocation summoned him which duty and inclination forbade him to refuse.

His brother, a pastor in the Thuringian village of Griesheim on the Ilm, died, leaving three sons who needed an instructor. The widow wished her brother-in-law Friedrich to fill this office, and another brother, a farmer in Osterode, wanted his two boys to join the trio. When Froebel, in the spring of 1817, resigned his position, his friend Langethal begged him to take his brother Eduard as another pupil, and thus Pestalozzi's enthusiastic disciple and comrade

found his dearest wish fulfilled. He was now the head of his own school for boys, and these first six pupils—as he hoped with the confidence in the star of success peculiar to so many men of genius—must soon increase to twenty. Some of these boys were specially gifted: one became the scholar and politician Julius Froebel, who belonged to the Frankfort Parliament of 1848, and another the Jena Professor of Botany, Eduard Langethal.

The new principal of the school could not teach alone, but he only needed to remind his old army comrade, Middendorf, of his promise, to induce him to interrupt his studies in Berlin, which were nearly completed, and join him. He also had his eye on Langethal, if his hope should be fulfilled. He knew what a treasure he would possess for his object in this rare man.

There was great joy in the little Griesheim circle, and the Thuringian (Froebel) did not regret for a moment that he had resigned his secure position; but the Westphalian (Middendorf) saw here the realization of the ideal which Froebel's kindling words had impressed upon his soul beside many a watch-fire.

The character of the two men is admirably described in the following passage from a letter of "the oldest pupil":

"Both had seen much of the serious side of life, and returned from the war with the higher

inspiration which is hallowed by deep religious feeling. The idea of devoting their powers with self-denial and sacrifice to the service of their native land had become a fixed resolution; the devious paths which so many men entered were far from their thoughts. The youth, the young generation of their native land, were alone worthy of their efforts. They meant to train them to a harmonious development of mind and body; and upon these young people their pure spirit of patriotism exerted a vast influence. When we recall the mighty power which Froebel could exercise at pleasure over his fellow men, and especially over children, we shall deem it natural that a child suddenly transported into this circle could forget its past."

When I entered it, though at that time it was much modified and established on firm foundations, I met with a similar experience. It was not only the open air, the forest, the life in Nature which so captivated new arrivals at Keilhau, but the moral earnestness and the ideal aspiration which consecrated and ennobled life. Then, too, there was that "nerve-strengthening" patriotism which pervaded everything, filling the place of the superficial philanthropy of the Basedow system of education.

But Froebel's influence was soon to draw, as if by magnetic power, the man who had formed an alliance with him amid blood and steel, and who

was destined to lend the right solidity to the newly erected structure of the institute—I mean Heinrich Langethal, the most beloved and influential of my teachers, who stood beside Froebel's inspiring genius and Middendorf's lovable warmth of feeling as the *character*, and at the same time the fully developed and trained intellect, whose guidance was so necessary to the institute.

The life of this rare teacher can be followed step by step from the first years of his childhood in his autobiography and many other documents, but I can only attempt here to sketch in broad outlines the character of the man whose influence upon my whole inner life has been, up to the present hour, a decisive one.

The recollection of him makes me inclined to agree with the opinion to which a noble lady sought to convert me—namely, that our lives are far more frequently directed into a certain channel by the influence of an unusual personality than by events, experiences, or individual reflections.

Langethal was my teacher for several years. When I knew him he was totally blind, and his eyes, which are said to have flashed so brightly and boldly on the foe in war, and gazed so winningly into the faces of friends in time of peace, had lost their luster. But his noble features seemed transfigured by the cheerful

earnestness which is peculiar to the old man, who, even though only with the eye of the mind, looks back upon a well-spent, worthy life, and who does not fear death, because he knows that God who leads all to the goal allotted by Nature destined him also for no other. His tall figure could vie with Barop's, and his musical voice was unusually deep. It possessed a resistless power when, excited himself, he desired to fill our young souls with his own enthusiasm. The blind old man, who had nothing more to command and direct, moved through our merry, noisy life like a silent admonition to good and noble things. Outside of the lessons he never raised his voice for orders or censure, yet we obediently followed his signs. To be allowed to lead him was an honor and pleasure. He made us acquainted with Homer, and taught us ancient and modern history. To this day I rejoice that not one of us ever thought of using a *pons asinorum*, or copied passage, though he was perfectly sightless, and we were obliged to translate to him and learn by heart whole sections of the Iliad. To have done so would have seemed as shameful as the pillage of an unguarded sanctuary or the abuse of a wounded hero.

And he certainly was one!

We knew this from his comrades in the war and his stories of 1813, which were at once so vivid and so modest.

When he explained Homer or taught ancient history a special fervor animated him; for he was one of the chosen few whose eyes were opened by destiny to the full beauty and sublimity of ancient Greece.

I have listened at the university to many a famous interpreter of the Hellenic and Roman poets, and many a great historian, but not one of them ever gave me so distinct an impression of living with the ancients as Heinrich Langethal. There was something akin to them in his pure, lofty soul, ever thirsting for truth and beauty, and, besides, he had graduated from the school of a most renowned teacher.

The outward aspect of the tall old man was eminently aristocratic, yet his birthplace was the house of a plain though prosperous mechanic. He was born at Erfurt, in 1792. When very young his father, a man unusually sensible and well-informed for his station in life, intrusted him with the education of a younger brother, the one who, as I have mentioned, afterwards became a professor at Jena, and the boy's progress was so rapid that other parents had requested to have their sons share the hours of instruction.

After completing his studies at the grammar school he wanted to go to Berlin, for, though the once famous university still existed in Erfurt, it had greatly deteriorated. His description of it

is half lamentable, half amusing, for at that time it was attended by thirty students, for whom seventy professors were employed. Nevertheless, there were many obstacles to be surmounted ere he could obtain permission to attend the Berlin University; for the law required every native of Erfurt, who intended afterwards to aspire to any office, to study at least two years in his native city—at that time French. But, in defiance of all hindrances, he found his way to Berlin, and in 1811 was entered in the university just established there as the first student from Erfurt. He wished to devote himself to theology, and Neander, De Wette, Marheineke, Schleiermacher, etc., must have exerted a great power of attraction over a young man who desired to pursue that study.

At the latter's lectures he became acquainted with Middendorf. At first he obtained little from either. Schleiermacher seemed to him too temporizing and obscure. "He makes veils."* He thought the young Westphalian, at their first meeting, merely "a nice fellow." But in time he learned to understand the great theologian, and the "favorite teacher" noticed him and took him into his house.

But first Fichte, and then Friedrich August Wolf, attracted him far more powerfully than Schleiermacher. Whenever he spoke of Wolf

*A play upon the name, which means veil-maker.

his calm features glowed and his blind eyes seemed to sparkle. He owed all that was best in him to the great investigator, who sharpened his pupil's appreciation of the exhaustless store of lofty ideas and the magic of beauty contained in classic antiquity, and had he been allowed to follow his own inclination, he would have turned his back on theology, to devote all his energies to the pursuit of philology and archæology.

The Homeric question which Wolf had propounded in connection with Goethe, and which at that time stirred the whole learned world, had also moved Langethal so deeply that, even when an old man, he enjoyed nothing more than to speak of it to us and make us familiar with the *pros* and *cons* which rendered him an upholder of his revered teacher. He had been allowed to attend the lectures on the first four books of the Iliad, and—I have living witnesses of the fact—he knew them all verse by verse, and corrected us when we read or recited them as if he had the copy in his hand.

True, he refreshed his naturally excellent memory by having them all read aloud. I shall never forget his joyous mirth as he listened to my delivery of Wolf's translation of Aristophanes's Acharnians; but I was pleased that he selected *me* to supply the dear blind eyes. Whenever he called me for this purpose he already had the book in the side pocket of his long coat, and when

beckoning significantly, he cried, "Come, Bear," I knew what was before me, and would have gladly resigned the most enjoyable game, though he sometimes had books read which were by no means easy for me to understand. I was then fourteen or fifteen years old.

Need I say that it was my intercourse with this man which implanted in my heart the love of ancient days that has accompanied me throughout my life?

The elevation of the Prussian nation led Langethal also from the university to the war. Rumor first brought to Berlin the tidings of the destruction of the great army on the icy plains of Russia; then its remnants, starving, worn, ragged, appeared in the capital; and the street-boys, who not long before had been forced by the French soldiers to clean their boots, now with little generosity—they were only "street-boys"—shouted sneeringly, "Say, mounseer, want your boots blacked?"

Then came the news of the convention of York, and at last the irresolute king put an end to the doubts and delays which probably stirred the blood of every one who is familiar with Droysen's classic "Life of Field-Marshal York." From Breslau came the summons "To my People," which, like a warm spring wind, melted the ice and woke in the hearts of the German youth a matchless budding and blossoming.

The snowdrops which bloomed during those March days of 1813 ushered in the long-desired day of freedom, and the call "To arms!" found the loudest echo in the hearts of the students. It stirred the young, yet even in those days circumspect, Langethal, too, and showed him his duty. But difficulties confronted him; for Pastor Ritschel, a native of Erfurt, to whom he confided his intention, warned him not to write to his father. Erfurt, his own birthplace, was still under French rule, and were he to communicate his plan in writing and the letter should be opened in the "black room," with other suspicious mail matter, it might cost the life of the man whose son was preparing to commit high treason by fighting against the ruler of his country—Napoleon, the Emperor of France.

"Where will you get the uniform, if your father won't help you, and you want to join the black Jägers?" asked the pastor, and received the answer:

"The cape of my cloak will supply the trousers. I can have a red collar put on my cloak, my coat can be dyed black and turned into a uniform, and I have a hanger."

"That's right!" cried the worthy minister, and gave his young friend ten thalers.

Middendorf, too, reported to the Lutzow Jägers at once, and so did the son of Professor

Bellermann, and their mutual friend Bauer, spite of his delicate health, which seemed to unfit him for any exertion.

They set off on the 11th of April, and while the spring was budding alike in the outside world and in young breasts, a new flower of friendship expanded in the hearts of these three champions of the same sacred cause; for Langethal and Middendorf found their Froebel. This was in Dresden, and the league formed there was never to be dissolved. They kept their eyes fixed steadfastly on the ideals of youth, until in old age the sight of all three failed. Part of the blessings which were promised to the nation when they set forth to battle they were permitted to see seven lustra later, in 1848, but they did not live to experience the realization of their fairest youthful dream, the union of Germany.

I must deny myself the pleasure of describing the battles and the marches of the Lutzow corps, which extended to Aachen and Oudenarde; but will mention here that Langethal rose to the rank of sergeant, and had to perform the duties of a first lieutenant; and that, towards the end of the campaign, Middendorf was sent with Lieutenant Reil to induce Blücher to receive the corps in his vanguard. The old commander gratified their wish; they had proved their fitness for the post when they won the victory

at the Gohrde, where two thousand Frenchmen were killed and as many more taken prisoners. The sight of the battle-field had seemed unendurable to the gentle nature of Middendorf. He had formed a poetical idea of the campaign as an expedition against the hereditary foe. Now that he had confronted the bloodstained face of war with all its horrors, he fell into a state of melancholy from which he could scarcely rouse himself.

After this battle the three friends were quartered in Castle Gohrde, and there enjoyed a delightful season of rest after months of severe hardships. Their corps had been used as the extreme vanguard against Davoust's force, which was thrice their superior in numbers, and in consequence they were subjected to great fatigues. They had almost forgotten how it seemed to sleep in a bed and eat at a table. One night march had followed another. They had often seized their food from the kettles and eaten it at the next stopping-place, but all was cheerfully done; the light-heartedness of youth did not vanish from their enthusiastic hearts. There was even no lack of intellectual aliment, for a little field-library had been established by the exchange of books. Langethal told us of his night's rest in a ditch, which was to entail disastrous consequences. Utterly exhausted, sleep overpowered him in the midst of a pouring

rain, and when he awoke he discovered that he was up to his neck in water. His damp bed—the ditch—had gradually filled, but the sleep was so profound that even the rising moisture had not roused him. The very next morning he was attacked with a disease of the eyes, to which he attributed his subsequent blindness.

On the 26th of August there was a prospect of improvement in the condition of the corps. Davoust had sent forty wagons of provisions to Hamburg, and the men were ordered to capture them. The attack was successful, but at what a price! Theodor Körner, the noble young poet whose songs will commemorate the deeds of the Lutzow corps so long as German men and boys sing his "Thou Sword at my Side," or raise their voices in the refrain of the Lutzow Jägers' song:

"Do you ask the name of yon reckless band?
'Tis Lutzow's black troopers dashing swift
through the land!"

Langethal first saw the body of the author of "Lyre and Sword" and "Zriny" under an oak at Wobbelin; but he was to see it once more under quite different circumstances. He has mentioned it in his autobiography, and I have heard him describe several times his visit to the corpse of Theodor Körner.

He had been quartered in Wobbelin, and

shared his room with an Oberjäger von Behrenhorst, son of the postmaster-general in Dessau, who had taken part in the battle of Jena as a young lieutenant and returned home with a darkened spirit. At the summons "To my People," he had enlisted at once as a private soldier in the Lutzow corps, where he rose rapidly to the rank of Oberjäger. During the war he had often met Langethal and Middendorf; but the quiet, reserved man, prematurely grave for his years, attached himself so closely to Körner that he needed no other friend.

After the death of the poet on the 26th of August, 1813, he moved silently about as though completely crushed. On the night which followed the 27th he invited his roommate Langethal to go with him to the body of his friend. Both went first to the village church, where the dead Jägers lay in two long black rows. A solemn stillness pervaded the little house of God, which had become during this night the abode of death, and the nocturnal visitors gazed silently at the pallid, rigid features of one lifeless young form after another, but without finding him whom they sought.

During this mute review of corpses it seemed to Langethal as if Death were singing a deep, heartrending choral, and he longed to pray for these young, crushed human blossoms; but his

companion led the way into the guard's little room. There lay the poet, "the radiance of an angel on his face," though his body bore many traces of the fury of the battle. Deeply moved, Langethal stood gazing down upon the form of the man who had died for his native land, while Behrenhorst knelt on the floor beside him, silently giving himself up to the anguish of his soul. He remained in this attitude a long time, then suddenly started up, threw his arms upward, and exclaimed, "Körner, I'll follow you!"

With these words Behrenhorst darted out of the little room into the darkness; and a few weeks after he, too, had fallen for the sacred cause of his native land.

They had seen another beloved comrade perish in the battle of Gohrde, a handsome young man of delicate figure and an unusually reserved manner.

Middendorf, with whom he—his name was Prohaska—had been on more intimate terms than the others, once asked him, when he timidly avoided the girls and women who cast kindly glances at him, if his heart never beat faster, and received the answer, "I have but *one* love to give, and that belongs to our native land."

While the battle was raging, Middendorf was fighting close beside his comrade. When the

enemy fired a volley the others stooped, but Prohaska stood erect, exclaiming, when he was warned, "No bowing! I'll make no obeisance to the French!"

A few minutes after, the brave soldier, stricken by a bullet, fell on the greensward. His friends bore him off the field, and Prohaska—*Eleonore Prohaska*—proved to be a girl!

While in Castle Gohrde, Froebel talked with his friends about his favorite plan, which he had already had in view in Göttingen, of establishing a school for boys, and while developing his educational ideal to them and at the same time mentioning that he had passed his thirtieth birthday, and alluding to the postponement of his plan by the war, he exclaimed, to explain why he had taken up arms:

"How can I train boys whose devotion I claim, unless I have proved by my own deeds how a man should show devotion to the general welfare?"

These words made a deep impression upon the two friends, and increased Middendorf's enthusiastic reverence for the older comrade, whose experiences and ideas had opened a new world to him.

The Peace of Paris, and the enrollment of the Lutzow corps in the line, brought the trio back to Berlin to civil life.

There also each frequently sought the others,

until, in the spring of 1817, Froebel resigned the permanent position in the Bureau of Mineralogy in order to establish his institute.

Middendorf had been bribed by the saying of his admired friend that he "had found the unity of life." It gave the young philosopher food for thought, and, because he felt that he had vainly sought this unity and was dissatisfied, he hoped to secure it through the society of the man who had become everything to him. His wish was fulfilled, for as an educator he grew as it were into his own motto, "Lucid, genuine, and true to life."

Middendorf gave up little when he followed Froebel.

The case was different with Langethal. He had entered as a tutor the Bendemann household at Charlottenburg, where he found a second home. He taught with brilliant success children richly gifted in mind and heart, whose love he won. It was "a glorious family" which permitted him to share its rich social life, and in whose highly gifted circle he could be sure of finding warm sympathy in his intellectual interests. Protected from all external anxieties, he had under their roof ample leisure for industrious labor and also for intercourse with his own friends.

In July, 1817, he passed the last examination with the greatest distinction, receiving the "very

good," rarely bestowed; and a brilliant career lay before him.

Directly after this success three pulpits were offered to him, but he accepted neither, because he longed for rest and quiet occupation.

The summons from Froebel to devote himself to his infant institute, where Langethal had placed his younger brother, also reached him. The little school moved on St. John's Day, 1817, from Griesheim to Keilhau, where the widow of Pastor Froebel had been offered a larger farm. The place which she and her children's teacher found was wonderfully adapted to Froebel's purpose, and seemed to promise great advantages both to the pupils and to the institute. There was much building and arranging to be accomplished, but means to do so were obtained, and the first pupil described very amusingly the entrance into the new home, the furnishing, the discovery of all the beauties and advantages which we found as an old possession in Keilhau, and the endeavor, so characteristic of Middendorf, to adapt even the less attractive points to his own poetic ideas.

Only the hours of instruction fared badly, and Froebel felt that he needed a man of fully developed strength in order to give the proper foundation to the instruction of the boys who were intrusted to his care. He knew a man of this stamp in the student F. A. Wolf, whose

talent for teaching had been admirably proved in the Bendemann family.

"Langethal," as the first pupil describes him, "was at that time a very handsome man of five-and-twenty years. His brow was grave, but his features expressed kindness of heart, gentleness, and benevolence. The dignity of his whole bearing was enhanced by the sonorous tones of his voice—he retained them until old age—and his whole manner revealed manly firmness. Middendorf was more pleasing to women, Langethal to men. Middendorf attracted those who saw, Langethal those who heard him, and the confidence he inspired was even more lasting than that aroused by Middendorf.

What marvel that Froebel made every effort to win this rare power for the young institute? But Langethal declined, to the great vexation of Middendorf. Diesterweg called the latter "a St. John," but our dear, blind teacher added, "And Froebel was his Christus."

The enthusiastic young Westphalian, who had once believed he saw in this man every masculine virtue, and whose life appeared emblematical, patiently accepted everything, and considered every one a "renegade" who had ever followed Froebel and did not bow implicitly to his will. So he was angered by Langethal's refusal. The latter had been offered, with brilliant prospects for the present and still fairer ones for the future.

a position as a tutor in Silesia, a place which secured him the rest he desired, combined with occupation suited to his tastes. He was to share the labor of teaching with another instructor, who was to take charge of the exact sciences, with which he was less familiar, and he was also permitted to teach his brother with the young Counts Stolberg.

He accepted, but before going to Silesia he wished to visit his Keilhau friends and take his brother away with him. He did so, and the "diplomacy" with which Froebel succeeded in changing the decision of the resolute young man and gaining him over to his own interests, is really remarkable. It won for the infant institute in the person of Langethal—if the expression is allowable—the backbone.

Froebel had sent Middendorf to meet his friend, and the latter, on the way, told him of the happiness which he had found in his new home and occupation. Then they entered Keilhau, and the splendid landscape which surrounds it needs no praise.

Froebel received his former comrade with the utmost cordiality, and the sight of the robust, healthy, merry boys who were lying on the floor that evening, building forts and castles with the wooden blocks which Froebel had had made for them according to his own plan, excited the keenest interest. He had come to take his

brother away; but when he saw him, among other happy companions of his own age, complete the finest structure of all—a Gothic cathedral —it seemed almost wrong to tear the child from this circle.

He gazed sadly at his brother when he came to bid him "good-night," and then remained alone with Froebel. The latter was less talkative than usual, waiting for his friend to tell him of the future which awaited him in Silesia. When he heard that a second tutor was to relieve Langethal of half his work, he exclaimed, with the greatest anxiety:

"You do not know him, and yet intend to finish a work of education with him? What great chances you are hazarding!"

The next morning Froebel asked his friend what goal in life he had set before him, and Langethal replied:

"Like the apostle, I would fain proclaim the gospel to all men according to the best of my powers, in order to bring them into close communion with the Redeemer."

Froebel answered, thoughtfully:

"If you desire *that*, you must, like the apostles, know men. You must be able to enter into the life of every one—here a peasant, there a mechanic. If you *cannot*, do not hope for success; your influence will not extend far."

How wise and convincing the words sounded!

And Froebel touched the sensitive spot in the young minister, who was thoroughly imbued with the sacred beauty of his life-task, yet certainly knew the Gospels, his classic authors, and apostolic fathers much better than he did the world.

He thoughtfully followed Froebel, who, with Middendorf and the boys, led him up the Steiger, the mountain whose summit afforded the magnificent view I have described. It was the hour when the setting sun pours its most exquisite light over the mountains and valleys. The heart of the young clergyman, tortured by anxious doubts, swelled at the sight of this magnificence, and Froebel, seeing what was passing in his mind, exclaimed:

"Come, comrade, let us have one of our old war-songs."

The musical "black Jäger" of yore willingly assented; and how clearly and enthusiastically the chorus of boyish voices chimed in!

When it died away, the older man passed his arm around his friend's shoulders, and, pointing to the beautiful region lying before them in the sunset glow, exclaimed:

"Why seek so far away what is close at hand? A work is established here which must be built by the hand of God! Implicit devotion and self-sacrifice are needed."

While speaking, he gazed steadfastly into his

friend's tearful eyes, as if he had found his true object in life, and when he held out his hand Langethal clasped it—he could not help it.

That very day a letter to the Counts Stolberg informed them that they must seek another tutor for their sons, and Froebel and Keilhau could congratulate themselves on having gained their Langethal.

The management of the school was henceforward in the hands of a man of character, while the extensive knowledge and the excellent method of a well-trained scholar had been obtained for the educational department. The new institute now prospered rapidly. The renown of the fresh, healthful life and the able tuition of the pupils spread far beyond the limits of Thuringia. The material difficulties with which the head-master had had to struggle after the erection of the large new buildings were also removed when Froebel's prosperous brother in Osterode decided to take part in the work and move to Keilhau. He understood farming, and, by purchasing more land and woodlands, transformed the peasant holding into a considerable estate.

When Froebel's restless spirit drew him to Switzerland to undertake new educational enterprises, and some one was needed who could direct the business management, Barop, the steadfast man of whom I have already spoken,

was secured. Deeply esteemed and sincerely beloved, he managed the institute during the time that we three brothers were pupils there. He had found many things within to arrange on a more practical foundation, many without to correct: for the long locks of most of the pupils; the circumstance that three Lutzow Jägers, one of whom had delivered the oration at a students' political meeting, had established the school; that Barop had been persecuted as a demagogue on account of his connection with a students' political society; and, finally, Froebel's relations with Switzerland and the liberal educational methods of the school, had roused the suspicions of the Berlin demagogue-hunters, and therefore demagogic tendencies, from which in reality it had always held aloof, were attributed to the institute.

Yes, we were free, in so far that everything which could restrict or retard our physical and mental development was kept away from us, and our teachers might call themselves so because, with virile energy, they had understood how to protect the institute from every injurious and narrowing outside influence. The smallest and the largest pupil was free, for he was permitted to be wholly and entirely his natural self, so long as he kept within the limits imposed by the existing laws. But license was nowhere more sternly prohibited than at Keilhau; and

the deep religious feeling of its head-masters—Barop, Langethal, and Middendorf—ought to have taught the suspicious spies in Berlin that the command, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," would never be violated here.

The time I spent in Keilhau was during the period of the worst reaction, and I now know that our teachers would have sat on the Left in the Prussian Landtag; yet we never heard a disrespectful word spoken of Frederick William IV, and we were instructed to show the utmost respect to the prince of the little country of Rudolstadt to which Keilhau belonged. Barop, spite of his liberal tendencies, was highly esteemed by this petty sovereign, decorated with an order, and raised to the rank of Councillor of Education. From a hundred isolated recollections and words which have lingered in my memory I have gathered that our teachers were liberals in a very moderate way, yet they were certainly guilty of "demagogic aspirations" in so far as that they desired for their native land only what we, thank Heaven, now possess: its unity, and a popular representation, by a free election of all its states, in a German Parliament. What enthusiasm for the Emperor William, Bismarck, and Von Moltke, Langethal, Middendorf, and Barop would have inspired in our hearts had they been permitted to witness the great events of 1870 and 1871!

Besides, politics were kept from us, and this had become known in wider circles when we entered the institute, for most of the pupils belonged to loyal families. Many were sons of the higher officials, officers, and landed proprietors; and as long locks had long since become the exception, and the Keilhau pupils were as well mannered as possible, many noblemen, among them chamberlains and other court officials, decided to send their boys to the institute.

The great manufacturers and merchants who placed their sons in the institute were also not men favorable to revolution, and many of our comrades became officers in the German army. Others are able scholars, clergymen, and members of Parliament; others again government officials, who fill high positions; and others still are at the head of large industrial or mercantile enterprises. I have not heard of a single individual who has gone to ruin, and of very many who have accomplished things really worthy of note. But wherever I have met an old pupil of Keilhau, I have found in him the same love for the institute, have seen his eyes sparkle more brightly when we talked of Langethal, Middendorf, and Barop. Not one has turned out a sneak or a hypocrite.

The present institution is said to be an admirable one; but the "Realschule" of Keilhau, which has been forced to abandon its former human-

istic foundation, can scarcely train to so great a variety of callings the boys now intrusted to its care.

IN THE FOREST AND ON THE MOOR

The little country of Rudolstadt in which Keilhau lies had had its revolution, though it was but a small and bloodless one. True, the insurrection had nothing to do with human beings, but involved the destruction of living creatures. Greater liberty in hunting was demanded.

This might seem a trivial matter, yet it was of the utmost importance to both disputants. The wide forests of the country had hitherto been the hunting-grounds of the prince, and not a gun could be fired there without his permission. To give up these "happy hunting-grounds" was a severe demand upon the eager sportsman who occupied the Rudolstadt throne, and the rustic population would gladly have spared him had it been possible.

But the game in Rudolstadt had become a veritable torment, which destroyed the husbandmen's hopes of harvests. The peasant, to save his fields from the stags and does which broke into them in herds at sunset, tried to keep them out by means of clappers and bad odors. I have seen and smelled the so-called "Frenchman's oil" with which the posts were smeared, that its really diabolical odor—I don't know

from what horrors it was compounded—might preserve the crops. The ornament of the forests had become the object of the keenest hate, and as soon as—shortly before we entered Keilhau—hunting was freely permitted, the peasants gave full vent to their rage, set off for the woods with the old muskets they had kept hidden in the garrets, or other still more primitive weapons, and shot or struck down all the game they encountered. Roast venison was cheap for weeks on Rudolstadt tables, and the pupils had many an unexpected pleasure.

The hunting exploits of the older scholars were only learned by us younger ones as secrets, and did not reach the teachers' ears until long after. But the woods furnished other pleasures besides those enjoyed by the sportsman. Every ramble through the forest enriched our knowledge of plants and animals, and I soon knew the different varieties of stones also; yet we did not suspect that this knowledge was imparted according to a certain system. We were taught as it were by stealth, and how many pleasant, delicious things attracted us to the class-rooms on the wooded heights!

Vegetation was very abundant in the richly watered mountain valley. Our favorite spring was the Schaalbach at the foot of the Steiger,*

* We pupils bought it of the peasant who owned it and gave it to Barop.

because there was a fowling-floor connected with it, where I spent many a pleasant evening. It could be used only after breeding-time, and consisted of a hut built of boughs where the bird-catcher lodged. Flowing water rippled over the little wooden rods on which the feathered denizens of the woods alighted to quench their thirst before going to sleep. When some of them —frequently six at a time—had settled on the perches in the trough, it was drawn into the hut by a rope, a net was spread over the water and there was nothing more to do except take the captives out.

The name of the director of this amusement was Merbod. He could imitate the voices of all the birds, and was a merry, versatile fellow, who knew how to do a thousand things, and of whom we boys were very fond.

The peasant Bredernitz often took us to his crow-hut, which was a hole in the ground covered with boughs and pieces of turf, where the hunters lay concealed. The owl, which lured the crows and other birds of prey, was fastened on a perch, and when they flew up, often in large flocks, to tease the old crosspatch which sat blinking angrily, they were shot down from loopholes which had been left in the hut. The hawks which prey upon doves and hares, the crows and magpies, can thus easily be decimated.

We had learned to use our guns in the play-

ground. The utmost caution was enforced, and although, as I have already remarked, we handled our own guns when we were only lads of twelve years old, I cannot recall a single accident which occurred.

Once, during the summer, there was a Schutzenfest, in which a large wooden eagle was shot from the pole. Whoever brought down the last splinter became king. This honor once fell to my share, and I was permitted to choose a queen. I crowned Marie Breimann, a pretty, slender young girl from Brunswick, whose Greek profile and thick silken hair had captivated my fancy. She and Adelheid Barop, the head-master's daughter, were taught in our classes, but Marie attracted me more strongly than the diligent Keilhau lassies with their beautiful black eyes and the other two blooming and graceful Westphalian girls who were also schoolmates. But the girls occupied a very small place in our lives. They could neither wrestle, shoot, nor climb, so we gave them little thought, and anything like actual flirtation was unknown—we had so many better things in our heads. Wrestling and other sports threw everything else into the shade. Pretty Marie, however, probably suspected which of my schoolmates I liked best, and up to the time of my leaving the institute I allowed no other goddess to rival her. But there were plenty of amusements at Keilhau besides bird-

shooting. I will mention the principal ones which came during the year, for to describe them in regular order would be impossible.

Of the longer walks which we took in the spring and summer the most beautiful was the one leading through Blankenburg to the entrance of the Schwarzathal, and thence through the lofty, majestically formed group of cliffs at whose foot the clear, swift Schwarza flows, dashing and foaming, to Schwarzburg.

How clearly our songs echoed from the granite walls of the river valley, and how lively it always was at "The Stag," whose landlord possessed a certain power of attraction to us boys in his own person; for, as the stoutest man in Thuringia, he was a feast for the eyes! His jollity equaled his corpulence, and how merrily he used to jest with us lads!

Of the shorter expeditions I will mention only the two we took most frequently, which led us in less than an hour to Blankenburg or Greifenstein, a large ruin, many parts of which were in tolerable preservation. It had been the home of Count Gunther von Schwarzburg, who paid with his life for the honor of wearing the German imperial crown a few short months.

We also enjoyed being sent to the little town of Blankenburg on errands, for it was the home of our drawing-master, the artist Unger, one of those original characters whom we rarely meet

now. When we knew him, the handsome, broad-shouldered man, with his thick red beard, looked as one might imagine Odin. Summer and winter his dress was a gray woolen jacket, into which a short pipe was thrust, and around his hips a broad leather belt, from which hung a bag containing his drawing materials. He cared nothing for public opinion, and, as an independent bachelor, desired nothing except "to be let alone," for he professed the utmost contempt for the corrupt brood yclept "mankind." He never came to our entertainments, probably because he would be obliged to wear something in place of his woolen jacket, and because he avoided women, whom he called "the roots of all evil." I still remember how once, after emptying the vials of his wrath upon mankind, he said, in reply to the question whether he included Barop among the iniquitous brood, "Why, of course not; he doesn't belong to it!"

There was no lack of opportunity to visit him, for a great many persons employed to work for the school lived in Blankenburg, and we were known to be carefully watched there.

I remember two memorable expeditions to the little town. Once my brother Ludo burned his arm terribly during a puppet-show by the explosion of some powder provided for the toy cannon.

The poor fellow suffered so severely that I could not restrain my tears, and though it was dark, and snow lay on the mountains, off I went to Blankenburg to get the old surgeon, calling to some of my schoolmates at the door to tell them of my destination. It was no easy matter to wade through the snow; but, fortunately, the stars gave me sufficient light to keep in the right path as I dashed down the mountain to Blankenburg. How often I plunged into ditches filled with snow and slid down short descents I don't know; but as I write these lines I can vividly remember the relief with which I at last trod the pavement of the little town. Old Wetzel was at home, and a carriage soon conveyed us over the only road to the institute. I was not punished. Barop only laid his hand on my head, and said, "I am glad you are back again, Bear."

Another trip to Blankenburg entailed results far more serious—nay, almost cost me my life.

I was then fifteen, and one Sunday afternoon I went with Barop's permission to visit the Hamburgers, but on condition that I should return by nine o'clock at latest.

Time, however, slipped by in pleasant conversation until a later hour, and as thunder clouds were rising my host tried to keep me overnight. But I thought this would not be allowable, and,

armed with an umbrella, I set off along the road, with which I was perfectly familiar.

But the storm soon burst, and it grew so dark that, except when the lightning flashed, I could not see my hand before my face. Yet on I went, though wondering that the path along which I groped my way led upward, until the lightning showed me that, by mistake, I had taken the road to Greifenstein. I turned back, and while feeling my way through the gloom the earth seemed to vanish under my feet, and I plunged headlong into a viewless gulf—not through empty space, however, but a wet, tangled mass which beat against my face, until at last there was a jerk which shook me from head to foot.

I no longer fell, but I heard above me the sound of something tearing, and the thought darted through my mind that I was hanging by my trousers. Groping around, I found vine-leaves, branches, and lattice-work, to which I clung, and tearing away with my foot the cloth which had caught on the end of a lath, I again brought my head where it should be, and discovered that I was hanging on a vine-clad wall. A flash of lightning showed me the ground not very far below and, by the help of the espalier and the vines, I at last stood in a garden.

Almost by a miracle I escaped with a few scratches; but when I afterwards went to look at the scene of this disaster cold chills ran down

my back, for half the distance whence I plunged into the garden would have been enough to break my neck.

Our games were similar to those which lads of the same age play now, but there were some additional ones that could only take place in a wooded mountain valley like Keilhau; such, for instance, were our Indian games, which engrossed us at the time when we were pleased with Cooper's "Leather-Stocking," but I need not describe them.

When I was one of the older pupils a party of us surprised some "Panzen"—as we called the younger ones—one hot afternoon engaged in a very singular game of their own invention. They had undressed to the skin in the midst of the thickest woods and were performing Paradise and the Fall of Man, as they had probably just been taught in their religious lesson. For the expulsion of Adam and our universal mother Eve, the angel—in this case there were two of them—used, instead of the flaming sword, stout hazel rods, with which they performed their part of warders so over-zealously that a quarrel followed, which we older ones stopped.

Thus many bands of pupils invented games of their own, but, thank Heaven, rarely devised such absurdities. Our later Homeric battles any teacher would have witnessed with pleasure. Froebel would have greeted them as signs of

creative imagination and "individual life" in the boys.

SUMMER PLEASURES AND RAMBLES

Wholly unlike these, genuinely and solely a product of Keilhau, was the great battle-game which we called Bergwacht, one of my brightest memories of those years.

Long preparations were needed, and these, too, were delightful.

On the wooded plain at the summit of the Kolm, a mountain which belonged mainly to the institute, war was waged during the summer every Saturday evening until far into the night, whenever the weather was fine, which does not happen too often in Thuringia.

The whole body of pupils was divided into three, afterwards into four sections, each of which had its own citadel. After two had declared war against two others, the battle raged until one party captured the strongholds of the other. This was done as soon as a combatant had set foot on the hearth of a hostile fortress.

The battle itself was fought with stakes blunted at the tops. Every one touched by the weapon of an enemy must declare himself a prisoner. To admit this, whenever it happened, was a point of honor.

In order to keep all the combatants in action, a fourth division was added soon after our

arrival, and of course it was necessary to build a stronghold like the others. This consisted of a hut with a stone roof, in which fifteen or twenty boys could easily find room and rest, a strong wall which protected us up to our foreheads, and surrounded the front of the citadel in a semicircle, as well as a large altar-like hearth which rose in the midst of the semicircular space surrounded by the wall.

We built this fortress ourselves, except that our teacher of handicrafts, the sapper Sabûm, sometimes gave us a hint. The first thing was to mark out the plan, then with the aid of levers pry the rocks out of the fields, and by means of a two-wheeled cart convey them to the site chosen, fit them neatly together, stuff the interstices with moss, and finally put on a roof made of pine logs which we felled ourselves, earth, moss, and branches.

How quickly we learned to use the plummet, take levels, hew the stone, wield the axes! And what a delight it was when the work was finished and we saw our own building! Perhaps we might not have accomplished it without the sapper, but every boy believed that if he were cast, like Robinson Crusoe, on a desert island, he could build a hut of his own.

As soon as this citadel was completed, preparations for the impending battle were made. The walls and encircling walls of all were pre-

pared, and we were drilled in the use of the poles. This, too, afforded us the utmost pleasure. Touching the head of an enemy was strictly prohibited; yet many a slight wound was given while fighting in the gloom of the woods.

Each of the four Bergwachts had its leader. The captain of the first was director of the whole game, and instead of a lance wore a rapier. I considered it a great honor when this dignity was conferred on me. One of its consequences was that my portrait was sketched by "Old Unger" in the so-called "Bergwacht Book," which contained the likenesses of all my predecessors.

During the summer months all eyes, even as early as Thursday, were watching the weather. When Saturday evening proved pleasant and Barop had given his consent, there was great rejoicing in the institute, and the morning hours must have yielded the teachers little satisfaction. Directly after dinner everybody seized his pole and the other "Bergwacht" equipments. The alliances were formed under the captain's guidance. We will say that the contest was to begin with the first and third Bergwacht pitted against the second and fourth, and be followed by another, with the first and second against the third and fourth.

We assembled in the courtyard just before sunset. Barop made a little speech, exhorting

us to fight steadily, and especially to observe all the rules and yield ourselves captives as soon as an enemy's pole touched us. He never neglected on these occasions to admonish us that, should our native land ever need the armed aid of her sons, we should march to battle as joyously as we now did to the Bergwacht, which was to train us to skill in her defense.

Then the procession set off in good order, four or six pupils harnessing themselves voluntarily to the cart in which the kegs of beer were dragged up the Kolm. Off we went, singing merrily, and at the top the women were waiting for us with a lunch. Then the warriors scattered, the fire was lighted on every hearth, the plan of battle was discussed, some were sent out to reconnoitre, others kept to defend the citadel.

At last the conflict began. Could I ever forget the scenes in the forest! No Indian tribe on the war-path ever strained every sense more keenly to watch, surround, and surprise the foe. And the hand-to-hand fray! What delight it was to burst from the shelter of the thicket and touch with our poles two, three, or four of the surprised enemies ere they thought of defense! And what self-denial it required when—spite of the most skillful parry—we felt the touch of the pole, to confess it, and be led off as a prisoner!

Voices and shouts echoed through the woods, and the glare of five fires pierced the darkness—

five—for flames were also blazing where the women were cooking the supper. But the light was brightest, the shouts of the combatants were loudest, in the vicinity of the forts. The effort of the besiegers was to spy out unguarded places, and occupy the attention of the garrison so that a comrade might leap over the wall and set his foot on the hearth. The object of the garrison was to prevent this.

What was that? An exulting cry rang through the night air. A warrior had succeeded in penetrating the hostile citadel untouched and setting his foot on the hearth!

Two or three times we enjoyed the delight of battle; and when towards midnight it closed, we threw ourselves—glowing from the strife and blackened by the smoke of the hearth fires—down on the greensward around the women's fire, where boiled eggs and other good things were served, and meanwhile the mugs of foaming beer were passed around the circle. One patriotic song after another was sung, and at last each Bergwacht withdrew to its citadel and lay down on the moss to sleep under the sheltering roof. Two sentinels marched up and down, relieved every half hour until the early dawn of the summer Sunday brightened the eastern sky.

Then "Huup!"—the Keilhau shout which summoned us back to the institute—rang out, and a hymn, the march back, a bath in the pond,

and finally the most delicious rest, if good luck permitted, on the heaps of hay which had not been gathered in. On the Sunday following the Bergwacht we were not required to attend church, where we should merely have gone to sleep. Barop, though usually very strict in the observance of religious duties, never demanded anything for the sake of mere appearances.

And the bed of my own planning! It consisted of wood and stones, and was covered with a thick layer of moss, raised at the head in a slanting direction. It looked like other beds, but the place where it stood requires some description, for it was a Keilhau specialty, a favor bestowed by our teachers on the pupils.

Midway up the slope of the Kolm where our citadels stood, on the side facing the institute, each boy had a piece of ground where he might build, dig, or plant, as he chose. They descended from one to another: Ludo's and mine had come down from Martin and another pupil who left the school at the same time. But I was not satisfied with what my predecessors had created. I spared the beautiful vine which twined around a fir-tree, but in the place of a flower-bed and a bench which I found there Ludo and I built a hearth, and for myself the bed already mentioned, which my brother of course was permitted to occupy with me.

How many hours I have spent on its soft

cushions, reading or dreaming or imagining things! If I could only remember them as they hovered before me, what epics and tales I could write!

No doubt we ought to be grateful to God for this as well as for so many other blessings; but why are we permitted to be young only once in our lives, only once to be borne aloft on the wings of a tireless power of imagination, so easily satisfied with ourselves, so full of love, faith, and hope, so open to every joy and so blind to every care and doubt, and everything which threatens to cloud and extinguish the sunlight in the soul?

Dear bed in my plot of ground at Keilhau, you ought, in accordance with a remark of Barop, to cause me serious self-examination, for he said, probably with no thought of my mossy couch, "From the way in which the pupils use their plots of ground and the things they place in them, I can form a very correct opinion of their dispositions and tastes." But you, beloved couch, should have the best place in my garden if you could restore me but for one half hour the dreams which visited me on your gray-green pillows, when I was a lad of fourteen or fifteen.

I have passed over the Rudolstadt Schutzenfest, its music, its merry-go-round, and the capital sausages cooked in the open air, and have intentionally omitted many other delightful

things. I cannot help wondering now where we found time for all these summer pleasures.

True, with the exception of a few days at Whitsuntide, we had no vacation from Easter until the first of September. But even in August one thought, one joyous anticipation, filled every heart.

The annual autumn excursion was coming!

After we were divided into traveling parties and had ascertained which teacher was to accompany us—a matter that seemed very important—we diligently practiced the most beautiful songs; and on many an evening Barop or Middendorf told us of the places through which we were to pass, their history, and the legends which were associated with them. They were aided in this by one of the sub-teachers, Bagge, a poetically gifted young clergyman, who possessed great personal beauty and a heart capable of entering into the intellectual life of the boys who were intrusted to his care.

He instructed us in the German language and literature. Possibly because he thought that he discovered in me a talent for poetic expression, he showed me unusual favor, even read his own verses aloud to me, and set me special tasks in verse-writing, which he criticised with me when I had finished. The first long poem I wrote of my own impulse was a description of the wonderful forms assumed by the stalactite formations

in the Sophie Cave in Switzerland, which we had visited. Unfortunately, the book containing it is lost, but I remember the following lines, referring to the industrious sprites which I imagined as the sculptors of the wondrous shapes:

"Priestly robes and a high altar the sprites created here,
And in the rock-hewn cauldron poured the holy water clear,
Within whose depths reflected, by the torches' flickering rays,
Beneath the surface glimmering my own face met my gaze;
And when I thus beheld it, so small it seemed to me,
That yonder stone-carved giant looked on with mocking glee.
Ay, laugh, if that's your pleasure, Goliath huge and old,
I soon shall fare forth singing, *you* still your place must hold."

Another sub-teacher was also a favorite traveling companion. His name was Schaffner, and he, too, with his thick, black beard, was a handsome man. To those pupils who, like my brother Ludo, were pursuing the study of the sciences, he, the mathematician of the institute, must have been an unusually clear and com-

petent teacher. I was under his charge only a short time, and his branch of knowledge was unfortunately my weak point. Shortly before my departure he married a younger sister of Barop's wife, and established an educational institution very similar to Keilhau at Gumperda, at Schwarza in Thuringia.

Herr Vodoz, our French teacher, a cheery, vigorous Swiss, with a perfect forest of curls on his head, was also one of the most popular guides; and so was Dr. Budstedt, who gave instruction in the classics. He was not a handsome man, but he deserved the name of "*anima candida.*" He used to storm at the slightest occasion, but he was quickly appeased again. As a teacher I think he did his full duty, but I no longer remember anything about his methods.

The traveling party which Barop accompanied were very proud of the honor. Middendorf's age permitted him to go only with the youngest pupils, who made the shortest trips.

These excursions led the little boys into the Thuringian forest, the Hartz Mountains, Saxony and Bohemia, Nuremberg and Wurzburg, and the older ones by way of Baireuth and Regensburg to Ulm. The large boys in the first traveling party, which was usually headed by Barop himself, extended their journey as far as Switzerland.

I visited in after-years nearly all the places to

which we went at that time, and some, with which important events in my life were associated, I shall mention later. It would not be easy to reproduce from memory the first impressions received without mingling with them more recent ones.

Thus, I well remember how Nuremberg affected me and how much it pleased me. I express this in my description of the journey; but in the author of "Gred," who often sought this delightful city, and made himself familiar with life there in the days of its mediæval prosperity, these childish impressions became something wholly new. And yet they are inseparable from the conception and contents of the Nuremberg novel.

My mother kept the old books containing the accounts of these excursions, which occupied from two to three weeks, and they possessed a certain interest for me, principally because they proved how skillfully our teachers understood how to carry out Froebel's principles on these occasions. Our records of travel also explain in detail what this educator meant by the words "unity with life"; for our attention was directed not only to beautiful views or magnificent works of art and architecture, but to noteworthy public institutions or great manufactories. Our teachers took the utmost care that we should understand what we saw.

The cultivation of the fields, the building of the peasants' huts, the national costumes, were all brought under our notice, thus making us familiar with life outside of the school, and opening our eyes to things concerning which the pupil of an ordinary model grammar school rarely inquires, yet which are of great importance to the world to which we belong.

Our material life was sensibly arranged.

During the rest at noon a cold lunch was served, and an abundant hot meal was not enjoyed until evening.

In the large cities we dined at good hotels at the *table d'hote*, and—as in Dresden, Prague, and Coburg—were taken to the theater.

But we often spent the night in the villages, and then chairs were turned upside down, loose straw was spread on the backs and over the floor, and, wrapped in the shawl which almost every boy carried buckled to his knapsack, we slept, only half undressed, as comfortably as in the softest bed.

While walking we usually sang songs, among them very nonsensical ones, if only we could keep step well to their time. Often one of the teachers told us a story. Schaffner and Bagge could do this best, but we often met other pedestrians with whom we entered into conversation. How delightful is the memory of these tramps! Progress on foot is slow, but not

only do we see ten times better than from a carriage or the window of a car, but we *hear* and *learn* something while talking with the mechanics, citizens, and peasants who are going the same way, or the landlords, bar-maids, and table companions we meet in the taverns, whose guests live according to the custom of the country instead of the international pattern of our great hotels.

As a young married man, I always anticipated as the greatest future happiness taking pedestrian tours with my sons like the Keilhau ones; but Fate ordained otherwise.

On our return to the institute we were received with great rejoicing; and how much the different parties, now united, had to tell one another!

Study recommenced on the first of October, and during the leisure days before that time the village church festival was celebrated under the village linden, with plenty of cakes, and a dance of the peasants, in which we older ones took part.

But we were obliged to devote several hours of every day to describing our journey for our relatives at home. Each one filled a large book, which was to be neatly written. The exercise afforded better practice in describing personal experiences than a dozen essays which had been previously read with the teacher.

INFANT GARDENS

Reprinted by permission from Dickens as an Educator, by James L. Hughes.

DICKENS wrote the following article for Household Words in 1855. It reveals a surprising mastery of the vital principles of "the new education." He wrote the article to direct attention to the work of the Baroness Von Bülow, who had come to England to introduce the kindergarten system. Dickens's works show that he had long been a close student of Froebel's philosophy. The article must always take a front rank as a strikingly clear, comprehensive, and sympathetic exposition of the principles and processes of the kindergarten. Kindergartens were called "infant gardens" when first introduced into England.

Seventy or eighty years ago there was a son born to the Pastor Froebel, who exercised his calling in the village of Oberweissbach, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. The son, who was called Frederick, proved to be a child of unusually quick sensibilities, keenly alive to all impressions, hurt by discords of all

kinds; by quarreling of men, women, and children, by ill-assorted colors, inharmonious sounds. He was, to a morbid extent, capable of receiving delight from the beauties of Nature, and, as a very little boy, would spend much of his time in studying and enjoying, for their own sake, the lines and angles in the Gothic architecture of his father's church. Who does not know what must be the central point of all the happiness of such a child? The voice of its mother is the sweetest of sweet sounds, the face of its mother is the fairest of fair sights, the loving touch of her lip is the symbol to it of all pleasures of the sense and of the soul. Against the thousand shocks and terrors that are ready to afflict a child too exquisitely sensitive, the mother is the sole protectress, and her help is all-sufficient. Frederick Froebel lost his mother in the first years of his childhood, and his youth was tortured with incessant craving for a sympathy that was not to be found.

The Pastor Froebel was too busy to attend to all the little fancies of his son. It was his good practice to be the peaceful arbiter of the disputes occurring in the village, and, as he took his boy with him when he went out, he made the child familiar with all the quarrels of the parish. Thus were suggested, week after week, comparisons between the harmony of Nature and the spite and scandal current among men. A dreamy,

fervent love of God, a fanciful boy's wish that he could make men quiet and affectionate, took strong possession of young Frederick, and grew with his advancing years. He studied a good deal. Following out his love of Nature, he sought to become acquainted with the sciences by which her ways and aspects are explained; his contemplation of the architecture of the village church ripened into a thorough taste for mathematics, and he enjoyed agricultural life practically, as a worker on his father's land. At last he went to Pestalozzi's school in Switzerland.

Then followed troublous times, and patriotic war in Germany, where even poets fought against the enemy with lyre and sword. The quick instincts, and high, generous impulses of Frederick Froebel were engaged at once, and he went out to battle on behalf of Fatherland in the ranks of the boldest, for he was one of Lutzow's regiment—a troop of riders that earned by its daring an immortal name. Their fame has even penetrated to our English concert rooms, where many a fair English maiden has been made familiar with the dare-devil patriots of which it was composed by the refrain of the German song in honor of their prowess—"Das ist Lutzow's fliegende, wilde Jagd." Having performed his duty to his country in the ranks of its defenders, Froebel fell back upon his love of nature and his study of triangles, squares, and

cubes. He had made interest that placed him in a position which, in many respects, curiously satisfied his tastes—that of Inspector to the Mineralogical Museum in Berlin. The post was lucrative, its duties were agreeable to him, but the object of his life's desire was yet to be attained.

For the unsatisfied cravings of his childhood had borne fruit within him. He remembered the quick feelings and perceptions, the incessant nimbleness of mind proper to his first years, and how he had been hemmed in and cramped for want of right encouragement and sympathy. He remembered, too, the ill-conditioned people whose disputes had been made part of his experience, the dogged children, cruel fathers, sullen husbands, angry wives, quarrelsome neighbors; and surely he did not err when he connected the two memories together. How many men and women go about pale-skinned and weak of limb, because their physical health during infancy and childhood was not established by judicious management! It is just so, thought Froebel, with our minds. There would be fewer sullen, quarrelsome, dull-witted men or women if there were fewer children starved or fed improperly in heart and brain. To improve society—to make men and women better—it is requisite to begin quite at the beginning, and to secure for them a wholesome education dur-

ing infancy and childhood. Strongly possessed with this idea, and feeling that the usual methods of education, by restraint and penalty, aim at the accomplishment of far too little, and by checking natural development even do positive mischief, Froebel determined upon the devotion of his entire energy, throughout his life, to a strong effort for the establishment of schools that should do justice and honor to the nature of a child. He resigned his appointment at Berlin, and threw himself, with only the resources of a fixed will, a full mind, and a right purpose, on the chances of the future.

At Keilhau, a village of Thuringia, he took a peasant's cottage, in which he proposed to establish his first school—a village boys' school. It was necessary to enlarge the cottage; and, while that was being done, Froebel lived on potatoes, bread, and water. So scanty was his stock of capital on which his enterprise was started, that, in order honestly to pay his workmen, he was forced to carry his principle of self-denial to the utmost. He bought each week two large rye loaves, and marked on them with chalk each day's allowance. Perhaps he is the only man in the world who ever, in so literal a way, chalked out for himself a scheme of diet.

After laboring for many years among the boys at Keilhau, Froebel—married to a wife who shared his zeal, and made it her labor to help to

the utmost in carrying out the idea of her husband's life—felt that there was more to be accomplished. His boys came to him with many a twist in mind or temper, caught by wriggling up through the bewilderments of a neglected infancy. The first sproutings of the human mind need thoughtful culture; there is no period of life, indeed, in which culture is so essential. And yet, in nine out of ten cases, it is precisely while the little blades of thought and buds of love are frail and tender that no heed is taken to maintain the soil about them wholesome, and the air about them free from blight. There must be Infant Gardens, Froebel said; and straightway formed his plans, and set to work for their accomplishment.

He had become familiar in cottages with the instincts of mothers, and the faculties with which young children are endowed by Nature. He never lost his own childhood from memory, and, being denied the blessing of an infant of his own, regarded all the little ones with equal love. The direction of his boys' school—now flourishing vigorously—he committed to the care of a relation, while he set out upon a tour through parts of Germany and Switzerland to lecture upon infant training and to found Infant Gardens where he could. He founded them at Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, and elsewhere. While laboring in this way he was always

exercising the same spirit of self-denial that had marked the outset of his educational career. Whatever he could earn was for the children, to promote their cause. He would not spend upon himself the money that would help in the accomplishment of his desire, that childhood should be made as happy as God in his wisdom had designed it should be, and that full play should be given to its energies and powers. Many a night's lodging he took, while on his travels, in the open fields, with an umbrella for his bedroom and a knapsack for his pillow.

So beautiful a self-devotion to a noble cause won recognition. One of the best friends of his old age was the Duchess Ida of Weimar, sister to Queen Adelaide of England, and his death took place on the 21st of June, three years ago, at a country seat of the Duke of Meiningen. He died at the age of seventy, peacefully, upon a summer day, delighting in the beautiful scenery that lay outside his window, and in the flowers brought by friends to his bedside. Nature, he said, bore witness to the promises of revelation. So Froebel passed away,

> "And Nature's pleasant robe of green,
> Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
> His monument and his memory."

Wise and good people have been endeavoring of late to obtain in this country a hearing for the

views of this good teacher, and a trial for his system. Only fourteen years have elapsed since the first Infant Garden was established, and already Infant Gardens have been introduced into most of the larger towns of Germany. Let us now welcome them with all our hearts to England.

The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children, and a full and genial recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy; that since they are by Infinite Wisdom so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we, who have children round about us, shall no longer repress their energies, tie up their bodies, shut their mouths, and declare that they worry us by the incessant putting of the questions which the Father of us all has placed in their mouths, so that the teachable one forever cries to those who undertake to be its guide, "What shall I do?" To be ready at all times with a wise answer to that question, ought to be the ambition of every one upon whom a child's nature depends for the means of healthy growth. The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Froebel. Let us study it, and act upon hints—or more than hints—that Nature gives. They

fall into a fatal error who despise all that a child does as frivolous. Nothing is trifling that forms part of a child's life.

"That which the mother awakens and fosters,
When she joyously sings and plays;
That which her love so tenderly shelters,
Bears a blessing to future days."

We quote Froebel again, in these lines, and we quote others in which he bids us

"Break not suddenly the dream
The blessed dream of infancy;
In which the soul unites with all
In earth, or heaven, or sea, or sky."

But enough has already been said to show what he would have done. How would he do it?

Of course it must be borne in mind, throughout the following sketch of Froebel's scheme of infant training, that certain qualities of mind are necessary to the teacher. Let nobody suppose that any scheme of education can attain its end, as a mere scheme, apart from the qualifications of those persons by whom it is to be carried out. Very young children can be trained successfully by no person who wants hearty liking for them, and who can take part only with a proud sense of restraint in their chatter and their play. It is in truth no condescension to become in spirit as a child with

children, and nobody is fit to teach the young who holds a different opinion. Unvarying cheerfulness and kindness, the refinement that belongs naturally to a pure, well-constituted woman's mind are absolutely necessary to the management of one of Froebel's Infant Gardens.

Then, again, let it be understood that Froebel never wished his system of training to be converted into mere routine to the exclusion of all that spontaneous action in which more than half of every child's education must consist. It was his purpose to show the direction in which it was most useful to proceed, how best to assist the growth of the mind by following the indications Nature furnishes. Nothing was farther from his design, in doing that, than the imposition of a check on any wholesome energies. Blindman's buff, romps, puzzles, fairy tales, everything in fact that exercises soundly any set of the child's faculties, must be admitted as a part of Froebel's system. The cardinal point of his doctrine is—take care that you do not exercise a part only of the child's mind or body; but take thorough pains to see that you encourage the development of its whole nature. If pains—and great pains—be not taken to see that this is done, probably it is not done. The Infant Gardens are designed to help in doing it.

The mind of a young child must not be trained at the expense of its body. Every

muscle ought, if possible, to be brought daily into action; and, in the case of a child suffered to obey the laws of Nature by free tumbling and romping, that is done in the best manner possible. Every mother knows that by carrying an infant always on the same arm its growth is liable to be perverted. Every father knows the child's delight at being vigorously danced up and down, and much of this delight arises from the play then given to its muscles. As the child grows, the most unaccustomed positions into which it can be safely twisted are those from which it will receive the greatest pleasure. That is because play is thus given to the muscles in a form they do not often get, and Nature—always watchful on the child's behalf—cries, We will have some more of that. It does us good. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind, and Froebel's scheme of infant education is, for both, a system of gymnastics.

He begins with the newborn infant, and demands that, if possible, it shall not be taken from its mother. He sets his face strongly against the custom of committing the child during the tenderest and most impressible period of its whole life to the care and companionship of an ignorant nursemaid, or of servants who have not the mother's instinct, or the knowledge that can tell them how to behave in its presence. Only the mother should, if possible, be the

child's chief companion and teacher during at least the first three years of its life, and she should have thought it worth while to prepare herself for the right fulfillment of her duties. Instead of tambour work, or Arabic, or any other useless thing that may be taught at girls' schools, surely it would be a great blessing if young ladies were to spend some of their time in an Infant Garden, that might be attached to every academy. Let them all learn from Froebel what are the requirements of a child, and be prepared for the wise performance of what is after all to be the most momentous business of their lives.

The carrying out of this hint is indeed necessary to the complete and general adoption of the infant-garden system. Froebel desired his infants to be taught only by women, and required that they should be women as well educated and refined as possible, preferring amiable unmarried girls. Thus he would have our maidens spending some part of their time in playing with little ones, learning to understand them, teaching them to understand; our wives he would have busy at home, making good use of their experience, developing carefully and thoughtfully the minds of their children, sole teachers for the first three years of their life; afterward, either helped by throwing them among other children in an Infant Garden for

two or three hours every day, or, if there be at home no lack of little company, having Infant Gardens of their own.

Believing that it is natural to address infants in song, Froebel encouraged nursery songs, and added to their number. Those contributed by him to the common stock were of course contributed for the sake of some use that he had for each; in the same spirit—knowing play to be essential to a child—he invented games; and those added by him to the common stock are all meant to be used for direct teaching. It does not in the least follow, and it was not the case, that he would have us make all nursery rhymes and garden sports abstrusely didactic. He meant no more than to put his own teaching into songs and games, to show clearly that whatever is necessary to be said or done to a young child may be said or done merrily or playfully; and although he was essentially a schoolmaster, he had no faith in the terrors commonly associated with his calling.

Froebel's nursery songs are associated almost invariably with bodily activity on the part of the child. He is always, as soon as he becomes old enough, to do something while the song is going on, and the movements assigned to him are cunningly contrived so that not even a joint of a little finger shall be left unexercised. If he be none the better, he is none the worse for this.

The child is indeed unlucky that depends only on care of this description for the full play of its body; but there are some children so unfortunate, and there are some parents who will be usefully reminded by those songs, of the necessity of procuring means for the free action of every joint and limb. What is done for the body is done in the same spirit for the mind, and ideas are formed, not by song only. The beginning of a most ingenious course of mental training by a series of playthings is made almost from the very first.

A box containing six soft balls, differing in color, is given to the child. It is Froebel's "first gift." Long before it can speak the infant can hold one of these little balls in its fingers, become familiar with its spherical shape and its color. It stands still, it springs, it rolls. As the child grows, he can roll it and run after it, watch it with sharp eyes, and compare the color of one ball with the color of another, prick up his ears at the songs connected with his various games with it, use it as a bond of playfellowship with other children, practice with it first efforts at self-denial, and so forth. One ball is suspended by a string, it jumps—it rolls—here—there—over—up; turns left—turns right—ding-dong—tip-tap—falls—spins; fifty ideas may be connected with it. The six balls, three of the primary colors, three of the secondary, may be

built up in a pyramid; they may be set rolling, and used in combination in a great many ways giving sufficient exercise to the young wits that have all knowledge and experience before them.

Froebel's "second gift" is a small box containing a ball, cube, and roller (the last two perforated), with a stick and string. With these forms of the cube, sphere, and cylinder, there is a great deal to be done and learned. They can be played with at first according to the child's own humor: will run, jump, represent carts, or anything. The ancient Egyptians, in their young days as a nation, piled three cubes on one another and called them the three Graces. A child will, in the same way, see fishes in stones, and be content to put a cylinder upon a cube, and say that is papa on horseback. Of this element of ready fancy in all childish sport Froebel took full advantage. The ball, cube, and cylinder may be spun, swung, rolled, and balanced in so many ways as to display practically all their properties. The cube, spun upon the stick piercing it through opposite edges, will look like a circle, and so forth. As the child grows older, each of the forms may be examined definitely, and he may learn from observation to describe it. The ball may be rolled down an inclined plane and the acceleration of its speed observed. Most of the elementary laws of

mechanics may be made practically obvious to the child's understanding.

The "third gift" is the cube divided once in every direction. By the time a child gets this to play with he is three years old—of age ripe for admission to an Infant Garden. The Infant Garden is intended for the help of children between three years old and seven. Instruction in it—always by means of play—is given for only two or three hours in the day; such instruction sets each child, if reasonably helped at home, in the right train of education for the remainder of its time.

An Infant Garden must be held in a large room abounding in clear space for child's play, and connected with a garden into which the children may adjourn whenever weather will permit. The garden is meant chiefly to assure, more perfectly, the association of wholesome bodily exercise with mental activity. If climate but permitted, Froebel would have all young children taught entirely in the pure, fresh air, while frolicking in sunshine among flowers. By his system he aimed at securing for them bodily as well as mental health, and he held it to be unnatural that they should be cooped up in close rooms, and glued to forms, when all their limbs twitch with desire for action, and there is a warm sunshine out of doors. The garden, too, should be their own; every child the master or

mistress of a plot in it, sowing seeds and watching day by day the growth of plants, instructed playfully and simply in the meaning of what is observed. When weather forbids use of the garden, there is the great, airy room which should contain cupboards, with a place for every child's toys and implements; so that a habit of the strictest neatness may be properly maintained. Up to the age of seven there is to be no book work and no ink work; but only at school a free and brisk, but systematic strengthening of the body, of the senses, of the intellect, and of the affections, managed in such a way as to leave the child prompt for subsequent instruction, already comprehending the elements of a good deal of knowledge.

We must endeavor to show in part how that is done. The third gift—the cube divided once in every direction—enables the child to begin the work of construction in accordance with its own ideas, and insensibly brings the ideas into the control of a sense of harmony and fitness. The cube divided into eight parts will manufacture many things; and, while the child is at work, helped by quiet suggestion now and then, the teacher talks of what he is about, asks many questions, answers more, mixes up little songs and stories with the play. Pillars, ruined castles, triumphal arches, city gates, bridges, crosses, towers, all can be completed tc the

perfect satisfaction of a child, with the eight little cubes. They are all so many texts on which useful and pleasant talk can be established. Then they are capable also of harmonious arrangement into patterns, and this is a great pleasure to the child. He learns the charm of symmetry, exercises taste in the preference of this or that among the hundred combinations of which his eight cubes are susceptible.

Then follows the "fourth gift," a cube divided into eight planes cut lengthways. More things can be done with this than with the other. Without strain on the mind, in sheer play, mingled with songs, nothing is wanted but a liberal supply of little cubes, to make clear to the children the elements of arithmetic. The cubes are the things numbered. Addition is done with them; they are subtracted from each other; they are multiplied; they are divided. Besides these four elementary rules they cause children to be thoroughly at home in the principle of fractions, to multiply and divide fractions—as real things; all in good time it will become easy enough to let written figures represent them—to go through the rule of three, square root, and cube root. As a child has instilled into him the principles of arithmetic, so he acquires insensibly the groundwork of geometry, the sister science.

Froebel's "fifth gift" is an extension of the

third, a cube divided into twenty-seven equal cubes, and three of these further divided into halves, three into quarters. This brings with it the teaching of a great deal of geometry, much help to the lessons in number, magnificent accessions to the power of the little architect, who is provided, now, with pointed roofs and other glories, and the means of producing an almost infinite variety of symmetrical patterns, both more complex and more beautiful than heretofore.

The "sixth gift" is a cube so divided as to extend still farther the child's power of combining and discussing it. When its resources are exhausted and combined with those of the "seventh gift" (a box containing every form supplied in the preceding series), the little pupil—seven years old—has had his inventive and artistic powers exercised, and his mind stored with facts that have been absolutely comprehended. He has acquired also a sense of pleasure in the occupation of his mind.

But he has not been trained in this way only. We leave out of account the bodily exercise connected with the entire round of occupation, and speak only of the mental discipline. There are some other "gifts" that are brought into service as the child becomes able to use them. One is a box containing pieces of wood, or pasteboard, cut into sundry forms. With these the

letters of the alphabet can be constructed; and, after letters, words, in such a way as to create out of the game a series of pleasant spelling lessons. The letters are arranged upon a slate ruled into little squares, by which the eye is guided in preserving regularity. Then follows the gift of a bundle of small sticks, which represent so many straight lines; and, by laying them upon his slate, the child can make letters, patterns, pictures; drawing, in fact, with lines that have not to be made with pen or pencil, but are provided ready made and laid down with the fingers. This kind of Stick-work having been brought to perfection, there is a capital extension of the idea with what is called Pea-work. By the help of peas softened in water, sticks may be joined together, letters, skeletons of cubes, crosses, prisms may be built; houses, towers, churches may be constructed, having due breadth as well as length and height, strong enough to be carried about or kept as specimens of ingenuity. Then follows a gift of flat sticks, to be used in plaiting. After that there is a world of ingenuity to be expended on the plaiting, folding, cutting, and pricking of plain or colored paper. Children five years old, trained in the Infant Garden, will delight in plaiting slips of paper variously colored into patterns of their own invention, and will work with a sense of symmetry so much refined by training

as to produce patterns of exceeding beauty. By cutting paper, too, patterns are produced in the Infant Garden that would often, though the work of very little hands, be received in schools of design with acclamation. Then there are games by which the first truths of astronomy, and other laws of Nature, are made as familiar as they are interesting. For our own parts, we have been perfectly amazed at the work we have seen done by children of six or seven—bright, merry creatures, who have all the spirit of their childhood active in them, repressed by no parent's selfish love of ease and silence, cowed by no dull-witted teacher of the A B C and the pothooks.

Froebel discourages the cramping of an infant's hand upon a pen, but his slate ruled into little squares, or paper prepared in the same way, is used by him for easy training in the elements of drawing. Modeling in wet clay is one of the most important occupations of the children who have reached about the sixth year, and is used as much as possible, not merely to encourage imitation, but to give some play to the creative power. Finally, there is the best possible use made of the paint-box, and children engaged upon the coloring of pictures and the arrangement of nosegays are further taught to enjoy, not merely what is bright, but also what is harmonious and beautiful.

We have not left ourselves as much space as is requisite to show how truly all such labor becomes play to the child. Fourteen years' evidence suffices for a demonstration of the admirable working of a system of this kind; but as we think there are some parents who may be willing to inquire a little further into the subject here commended earnestly to their attention, we will end by a citation of the source from which we have ourselves derived what information we possess.

At the educational exhibition in St. Martin's Hall, last year, there was a large display of the material used and results produced in Infant Gardens which attracted much attention. The Baroness von Marenholtz, enthusiastic in her advocacy of the children's cause, came then to England, and did very much to procure the establishment in this country of some experimental Infant Gardens. By her, several months ago—and at about the same time by M. and Madame Rongé, who had already established the first English Infant Garden—our attention was invited to the subject. We were also made acquainted with M. Hoffman, one of Froebel's pupils, who explained the system theoretically at the Polytechnic Institution. When in this country, the Baroness von Marenholtz published a book called Woman's Educational Mission, being an explanation of Frederick Froebel's

System of Infant Gardens. We have made use of the book in the preceding notice, but it appeared without the necessary illustrations, and is therefore a less perfect guide to the subject than a work published more recently by M. and Madame Rongé: A Practical Guide to the English Kindergarten. This last book we exhort everybody to consult who is desirous of a closer insight into Froebel's system than we have been able here to give. It not only explains what the system is, but, by help of an unstinted supply of little sketches, enables any one at once to study it at home and bring it into active operation. It suggests conversations, games; gives many of Froebel's songs, and even furnishes the music (which usually consists of popular tunes—Mary Blane, Rousseau's Dream, etc.) to which they may be sung. Furthermore, it is well to say that any one interested in this subject, whom time and space do not forbid, may see an Infant Garden in full work by calling, on a Tuesday morning between the hours of ten and one, on M. and Madame Rongé, at number 32 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square. That day these earliest and heartiest of our established infant gardeners have set apart, for the help of a good cause, to interruptions and investigations from the world without, trusting, of course, we suppose, that no one will disturb them for the satisfaction of mere idle curiosity.

GIRLHOOD DAYS AT KEILHAU*

HENRIETTA SCHRADER, BERLIN

Reprinted by permission of Amalie Hofer Jerome.

I

A WORD about my personal connections with Friedrich Froebel and his family will not be out of place in these reminiscences. My maternal grandfather, Superintendent and Consistorial Assessor Hoffmann of Nette, near Hildesheim in the former Kingdom of Hanover, was born in Thuringia, where his father was pastor. One of the sisters of my grandfather married the Pastor Froebel in Oberweissbach in 1782, the youngest child of this marriage being Friedrich Froebel, the mother dying shortly after his birth. Christian, the older brother of Froebel, born in 1770, also left Thuringia for the Province of Hanover, settling in the little town of Osterode, in the Hartz, where he established a linen industry, and married a wife from this place. Osterode and Nette being so near together the families had constant inter-

*Translated by Bertha Hofer Hegner. Edited by Amalie Hofer Jerome.

course with each other. My grandfather had three daughters, Johanna, Luise, and Christiane, the second of which was my mother. The Froebels in Osterode had besides several sons the three daughters Albertine, Emilie, and Elise, who were about the age of the daughters of the Hoffmann family, with whom they were most cordial friends. Among other relatives coming to Nette was Friedrich Froebel, who frequently visited his uncle. Our mother often told us afterwards that these visits of Friedrich were among her choicest recollections. In 1817 Froebel established his boys' school in Keilhau, near Rudolstadt, in Thuringia. In 1818 he married Henrietta Wilhelmine Hoffmeister, of Berlin. In 1820 Christian Froebel moved to Keilhau to take charge of the domestic management of the Institute. The two friends of Froebel, Middendorf and Langethal, joined him at Keilhau in 1817. In 1826 Langethal married the adopted daughter of Froebel, and in the same year Albertine Froebel became the wife of Middendorf. In 1828 Barop joined the Keilhau Institute and married Emilie Froebel. In 1830 the *fiancé* of Elise Froebel, Karl, who was a teacher in the Keilhau school, died, and also my grandparents in Nette. My mother married the Pastor Breymann in Mahlum, Province Braunschweig, which was about an hour and a half journey from Nette. During the summer of

1826 my parents went in company with our Aunt Christiane to Thuringia, visiting the several families of our relations, and spending considerable time at Keilhau. From this time onward a cordial and constant correspondence was kept up between my mother and Albertine Middendorf, and in this way our parents took the deepest interest in the vicissitudes of the Institute, and the difficulties which swept over Keilhau so soon after their visit.

Frequent guests came from Keilhau to our home who brought accounts of the work there, and kept us informed of the varied changes experienced by our beloved friends. Thus the year 1848 arrived. In 1839 the wife of Friedrich Froebel had passed away, and Barop had become the principal of the Keilhau school. Eight children had been born to him, and four to the Middendorf family, three sons and an only daughter, Alwina. Christian Froebel and his wife were still active in conducting the economics of the school, although the former had grown entirely blind. Langethal had left Keilhau to take a parsonage in Schlesien. Friedrich Froebel had spent the larger part of 1836 in Switzerland, and after his return had opened a new institution at Blankenburg near by, which was devoted to the especial training of women and children. Unfortunately he was obliged to abandon this work on account of

financial difficulty, and he returned to Keilhau in 1840, where he took residence in a peasant's house near the Institute, and during the winter conducted the training of several kindergartners who lived in Keilhau, boarding at the Institute. Froebel made frequent journeys during this summer to other cities in the interest of his educational idea, having at this time no immediate part in the management of the Keilhau school. Several young girls had been admitted to the Institute in company with the daughters of the principal, Barop, and it was finally decided by my parents to send our eleven-year-old sister to join them. Our many relatives there urged me to accompany my sister, and in response to the hearty invitations, Marie and I started in May, 1848, for Thuringia, the land which had cradled our Grandfather Hoffmann.

I take the following notes from my journals and letters, written during the summer of 1848 in Rudolstadt and Keilhau:

Rudolstadt, May, 1848.—You have been thinking, dearest mother, that Marie and I are already in Keilhau, but we are still here; but all obstacles are at last removed, and we shall soon reach our place of destination. The trunk has arrived, and I am recovered from my cold, but how are you, dear mother? Are you quite well? To-day is Sunday, and you are going to our dear little church at this very moment, thinking of

your absent children and remembering them in your prayers. Dear mother, it is most beautiful here, and in these lovely surroundings I miss one thing only, and that is your and father's true heartedness. If we could enjoy all this goodness and beauty together with you, how happy I should be. I am sad when I think that I can be of no help to you now with the children and in the house, and that father has so many added expenses on account of our travel. But the thought that I shall be a better help to you after I have had this lovely visit comforts me.

Monday.—At last we are arrived in Keilhau, where all gave us a friendly reception. The first to welcome us was Frau von Born, the sister of Barop, who is living here in order that she may not be separated from her sons, who are being educated in the school. Next came the five daughters of the Barop family, all sturdy, strong girls, with dark hair and brown eyes, dressed in rustic simplicity, which seems to be necessary here. Their father is an earnest, stately man, wearing his hair very long, with a straight part in the middle. He inspired us with the greatest respect, but gave us a most cordial welcome. When Elise Froebel appeared my heart grew warm, for she gave us such a bright, loving look. What an active life she leads here, and her helper in the home, Malchen, led us at once to the dining-room, where we were to take supper

with the family. A loud cheering greeted us in this room, which was filled with boys and bearded men, who were all engaged in a lively conversation. We had potato salad and cold meat, which tasted unusually good. As soon as any one of the boys had finished his supper, he was allowed to leave the table, and each invariably rushed boisterously out into the court, where all were soon taking part in happy games. Frau Barop is ill, and we have not yet seen her. After supper we visited the grandparents, that is, Christian Froebel and his wife, who live in the "lower house." The grandfather is quite blind, although otherwise a hale and hearty man, helping everywhere, even folding up the clothes, and helping with the laundry. The grandmother is a tiny, trim little woman, very quiet but keen and thoughtful. We had to tell them many things, and the grandfather told us much about the dear grandparents at Nette, and what a cultured, wise man the grandfather was, and how many times he had enjoyed eating carp and drinking a glass of wine with him. Then Frau Middendorf came. I had imagined her very different. She is very bright and happy. Everything here seems so bright, and happy, and strong. Marie and I have a beautiful little attic room. A soft rain fell quietly as we went to bed, and the sound on the roof was like music, which sound put us to sleep.

To-day we have taken some beautiful walks, climbing to the top of the Kolm, which slopes back from the school and belongs to the grounds. The boys and teachers were all busy laying out the comfortable footpaths and building hermitages, and resting places in different parts of the grounds. During the Whitsuntide holidays the pupils live on the hillside all day long, working, planting flowers, repairing the walks and buildings, and cooking on their rudely constructed stoves. We saw some boiling potatoes, and others making pancakes. We climbed up to the tower, from the top of which we could look down into the beautiful valley. Did you climb here, too, dear parents, when you were here on your visit? I am sure you did, for it is the most beautiful spot about Keilhau. I look out over the broad, rich valley, encircled by blue hills, with the pines rustling back of me. When I close my eyes it seems as if I were being carried by wings on this refreshing air, which is all around us. There is something strangely indescribable about these surroundings. I think it must be the spirit in Keilhau which permeates everything. I have the feeling that this same spirit must also quicken me, and that it will penetrate through the chaos of thoughts and feelings which ever struggle and toss about within me. I feel that it will lead me to a clearness of my inner being.

Tuesday.—Last night we sat in the moonlight under a beautiful birch tree on the Kolm. My dear mother, if I only could tell you all I feel and wish to do. But there is so much that is unutterable in this unique place. I seem to grow freer every moment, and am gaining new insight into a life which I cannot yet put into words. I feel as if I had been here a long, long time; as if this were my real home; and yet at the same time every fiber of my heart is attached to my old home. Every one is kind and good to us here, and we move freely in this new circle. I am all over the house, now upstairs, now down, then visiting the grandparents. I always find something to do and some one to help. They are always ready to give me such work to do as I can. The Institute is fairly blooming at this time. At Easter twenty boarding-school pupils were refused because there was no room. I can easily understand why parents wish their children to live here. You should see how good everything tastes. The large crocks of milk and baskets of bread that are brought for breakfast disappear rapidly. It is the same way at dinner and supper, and there is plenty of everything substantial. There are no sweets or luxuries, and the very things which I did not relish at home taste excellent here. The spicy mountain air must have something to do with it, and the exercise out of doors, and because very little

attention is paid to non-essentials. Every one is interested in the higher things. Just at present political matters are being discussed, but the real storms of politics do not touch Keilhau, which lies so peacefully and quietly surrounded by these hills, there is no room for quarreling. The rustling of the trees brings peace to my heart, the blue skies fill me with hope, and the beautiful sun over the shady trees warms my soul. The moon and stars shine mildly upon us at night, bringing peace. This summer visit to Keilhau is surely the brightest spot in all my life.

Later.—With all my careful listening I have not been able to learn what stand is taken here with regard to politics, or to what party Keilhau belongs. This much I understand, that we should have a free and united Germany. But what do they call free here? Marie with her brightness and freshness is liked by everybody and is happy. As soon as she is entirely at home I will go to Rudolstadt, and come back later for a permanent stay. Middendorf and Froebel have not yet returned from their travels. How are the children, the stout Erich and sweet Hedchen? Were you not pleased with the pretty cuttings made by Adolph, which you sent me? They are very much admired here, and the teachers think he must have a great talent for drawing for it was all free hand cutting.

DIARY. *Rudolstadt, middle of May.*—To-day we went to church. The building is large and beautifully arched, but the furnishing was gaudy, and made one feel restless. These words were in gold letters on black marble over the altar, and impressed me deeply: "Master, remain with us, for the evening is coming." Yes, we may well pray the Master to be with us just now. We need to hold fast to heaven at this time, when the earth is at variance with itself. I do not wish to leave it now, but am eager to see how these current experiences will unwind themselves. I am only grateful that I am not one of the causes of all this tangle in which so many lose themselves, dragging so many others with them through the defeat of the uprising party. But are not all these people tools in God's hands? If I could only see how all things fit together, and how it will all end! The pastor also spoke of the present upheavals, taking his text from David's psalm, "The Lord will destroy the godless." There was little food for the soul in this sermon, and I went home unsatisfied and empty. I am always searching for something in church that I cannot find. I look for a clearer understanding of the Bible and its application to life, but so much remains dark to me. I can do nothing with many of the texts, and the pressing exhortation of the minister that we should turn from the godless has no

effect upon me. Who is godless, and who has a right to call another godless? It may be hard to explain the Bible and inspire men to do the good, but I always think, who serves God with fervent love and holy zeal is not only a minister in the pulpit, but a pastor of souls in the world. If I were a minister sitting before the Book of Books on a Saturday evening here in the silence, with eyes lifted to heaven asking for light, would it be denied me? No, never. Whitsuntide comes once each year as the festival of the Holy Ghost, but every one can celebrate his own Whitsuntide if he entreats the Holy Ghost to illuminate him. A believer celebrates the festivals of the Church many, many times in his own heart. If I were only a man and had been educated like a man, and could talk about these things which stir the heart, like a man! But it must be better for me to be a woman. The limitations that are put about our sex soften the emotions, keep my heart warm, and curb my pride. Is it less worthy to hold still, to work quietly, to be patient, than it is to struggle, and quarrel, and advocate? To be a woman of quiet dignity, is not this something high? Was not Jesus born of a woman? Was it not the women who were true to him until his death, and who first proclaimed his resurrection with the cry, "The Lord is arisen"? This is my comfort,

that women are not excluded from all that is highest and best in the world.

II

From my letters, 1848.—The peasants around Keilhau are celebrating their May festival, much as they do with us at home. However, they keep their holiday in a much simpler way here. They dance down the green in front of the Institute, the musician sitting near by; occasionally one of them steps into the midst of the circle with his bass viol, which is the signal for all of us to join in the dance. Yesterday being Sunday, all were happy and gay, and to-day the jollity of the peasants continues. The children are all anxious to drop their studies in order to participate, but the mild, gentle Middendorf stood his ground and said: "Only when the work is all done is it good to dance." The kind expression on his face sent the children all back again to their work in a happy mood. This Middendorf is so refreshing. He reminds me much of Pastor W., although Middendorf's presence and appearance are far more ideal. I love Elise Froebel more and more every day. I think she loves me also. She impresses me as one of those strong ones upon whom others can lean. It seems as if I always had been here. Usually I am most fond of such great and aristocratic people as one finds at the von C's;

you were so often angry with me because nothing seemed good enough or great enough for me. Here at Keilhau there is nothing of the aristocratic, in fact, everything æsthetic is lacking, and as I look upon the arrangements and manner of life here, much seems countrified and crude according to our ideas. I cannot understand why it never seems unpleasant or jarring. If I had children whom I wished to send away from home, I should bring them to this place. You can hardly imagine how attached the old students who have left Keilhau are to the Institute. They speak of their stay here as the happiest time of their lives. Every day brings many guests, among them many of the old pupils who come back to stay for a longer or shorter time. How happy I shall be to have brother Karl make me a visit here! This life will be very new to him. Last week we all went together to Justinshoehe to see the fireworks in honor of the opening of Parliament. If only the men had not strewn ashes on their heads at the close of the ceremony! People at Rudolstadt vie with each other to see which shall have more worldly goods than the other. This seems to be their one aim in life. What would become of the world if each one had everything he wished? I am sure that egotism is the cause of all their trouble. If they would only cease their "freedom cry," and work to do away with egotism, which

is at the root of all rivalry, then the tree of freedom would have a chance to grow green and flourish! I have ceased being interested in parties, although I still like to hear the men talk about them. It amuses me when they begin to quarrel in their arguments, jumping to the tables and shouting to be understood. One of the teachers by the name of Schweizer is a Republican; he, together with Herr L., speaks zealously against the king and the kingdom. Uncle Froebel has not yet returned, and I am growing very anxious to see him. I do not exactly understand his relationship to every one here in the Institute, and yet it seems to be all his work. With the exception of Middendorf, no one speaks cordially of him. In Rudolstadt he is not given recognition in the same way as are Barop, Middendorf, uncle, and aunt. These call Froebel unpractical and an idealist, and consider it good fortune that he has retired from the Institute, which they think was only saved by Middendorf and Barop. The other uncle at Koenigsee is also unfriendly toward Froebel. They say that he constantly borrowed money for his work, and when the uncle would no longer help him in this way, Froebel grew angry with him, although he still owed him for what he had already used. My dear parents, you do not know how all this grieves me, although I try to think that things are different from what they

seem. I am sure that when a man desires with his whole heart to work for humanity as uncle does, that he must first work with himself, and above everything else stand as a righteous, good citizen. Good-by, my dear ones.

The first day of Whitsuntide in Keilhau (from my diary).—We went to church this morning, but I was not uplifted. In the afternoon Middendorf read aloud to us from the life and work of two men of whom I cannot think highly. I wonder that Middendorf can honor and befriend such men! I have the privilege of attending his class in religious instruction, and have there learned to know what is his most profound religious sentiment. I am sure that he is a Christian; he meets my whole ideal of a true Christian, and yet can he be mistaken in his belief? Later in the day Middendorf, together with several of the teachers, some of the students, and the ladies, took a long walk into some beautiful neighboring grounds. Here we sat down while Middendorf read us a flower fairy story, and it seemed to me that we were in an enchanted garden. In the evening the music teacher, together with his pupils, gave us a home concert. I have been very happy to-day, neither my head nor my heart has tormented me. I have felt myself free, sailing on through life.

Tuesday.—Yesterday was a very happy day.

In the evening there was a hunt ball. After dinner the sharpshooters formed in line, and the older pupils with their teachers all went to the trial grounds. The little ones were taken by Middendorf up the hill. At four o'clock Elise Froebel and I carried baskets of cakes to them, and after the lunch time we made four wreaths to crown the kings and queens of the festival. While we were busy with the wreaths a drum-beat announced the successful sharpshooter among the older pupils who had struck the heart of the target, which was a red and gold eagle. He invited Luise Levin to share the honor of the day with him by being the queen of the festival. Luise had previously cared for the house, but is now one of the devoted teachers in the Institute, and hopes soon to take a position as a kindergartner. She is always caring for me. Elise Froebel crowned the king and queen with the wreaths we had made, and the sharpshooters and teachers presented the gun with great ceremony to their successful companion, the entire company joining in the cheers, and we all marched toward the house singing gayly. When we reached home, one of the leaders among the Republicans attempted to raise a cry against the government, but he was unsuccessful. The gifts were presented to the different students, when one of the teachers announced: "The king and queen must now make all the people

happy." The two wearing the wreaths, whether they wished to or not, were obliged to dance through the great hall in the presence of the laughing, gay company, to music which was without time or rhyme. The little children came into the hall, and sister Marie was their queen. We took our supper on the lawn soon after, but the older pupils were full of excitement, and soon hurried away to make their toilet for the ball. One by one reappeared, in festive attire, the students, with white trousers and gloves, leaving a trail of *eau de Cologne* behind them. The ball opened brilliantly, and not until the gray morning dawned did we finish the last cotillon.

Sunday, June 17, Keilhau.—Dearest parents, at last uncle is here! Immediately after the festival I returned to Rudolstadt, and on Friday evening the following note was handed to me: "Uncle has returned to Keilhau, and longs to see Fraulein Henrietta Breymann; perhaps to-morrow. Please pardon the liberty." Signed R. How this good news stirred and excited me! I decided to go back to Keilhau the next morning. On second thought the words "perhaps to-morrow" seemed to infer that there was no great hurry. Nevertheless I started, accompanied by Marie and her brother, as early as five o'clock in the morning. The way to Keilhau never seemed so long or laborious. I was met on

my early arrival by the astonishment of all, and R. smiled when he saw me. He said uncle had merely asked him, in case he should see me on Friday at Rudolstadt, to let me know that he had returned. He was, therefore, amused at my eagerness. But uncle came at last, and fairly folded his arms about me, his ever thoughtful look smiling upon me. "I have longed to see you, my dear child, and thank you for coming." Soon after breakfast he took me by the hand and led me out of doors. "I know you well, my child, from your letters and talks with Luise. Have confidence also in me. I think I find in you a searching soul, and perhaps I can help you find that for which you search, of which you are perhaps yourself unconscious. Tell me frankly what you wish your life to be?" I can hardly describe the feeling which swept over me as uncle thus spoke to me. I at once told him everything, everything that I had felt in body and mind, how I had longed with my whole heart to do good, but had done so little as yet. Yes, dear parents, I confessed to him how I did not enjoy doing daily duties at home, and how it was hard for me to do over and over again household work, and how at the same time I longed to make your home burden lighter, and help share the care of the children. I told him how often I felt useless and weak enough to die, and how it seemed that death would be my only

salvation. He was so still, letting me pour out all I had to say, and when I was quiet again, he put his arms about me: "My dear child, it is not given me to be a father in the literal sense, but for this very reason I can devote my life to others, and so to you I can also be a father. It is not without a purpose that God has given you a mind of greater strength than your body; do not rebel against nature. Your mind is seeking clearness, is looking for work. Many people grow sick in body because the mind cannot free itself. Make yourself free and you will see that the soul is greater than the body, and must triumph. Never seek to flee from the body, for before you can be an angel in heaven you must be one on earth. I want to help you be one here, and I am sure you will find the happiness and peace for which you are seeking." He continued to speak so confidentially and appealingly and so beautifully. Could I but give to you every word as it reëchoes! He opened a new world for me, and led me to look into the inner life, and I seem to understand that no one lives here on earth in vain, and the meaning came clear to me how God is mighty in the weak. Yes, I am sure that humanity is a unit, and to each is given a place in the whole if he but recognize it. Now I have come to a turning-point in my life, and I see its high purposes, and my path is suddenly clear before me,—I am to give myself

to childhood and its nurture. Dear parents, I can now help you better, too. I can keep dear sister Hedchen from experiencing the lonesomeness which tormented me when a little child, and through me you can teach Adolph, Wilhelm, and Erich, and so I can help you all. If it is yours or God's will, I can find work away from home, too, for my plan now is to devote myself to the teachings of uncle, and to study French and English at the same time. What joy it brings to me to feel that I have a definite life work! I have told Luise all about my plan, and she agrees with me that it is right, and will soon talk it over with uncle.

Keilhau, June, 1848 (copy from my journal).— I have finished a long letter to my parents, and have told them my life-work plans. Will these, indeed, come to fulfillment? God grant it. At last, at last I am to find a rest within myself; I am to have a definite aim in life, one which will give me the right to think, one which will enlarge my heart, and the pursuit of which will not necessarily separate me from the loved ones at home, but rather make me capable of being a better daughter and a better sister. I have given my confidence to Luise, and I feel that we are coming nearer and closer together each day. We speak to each other as "thou." She wishes to do everything possible to further my plans, and I will ask Middendorf to give me permission

to follow some science lessons at the Institute. She tells me that I have made a deep impression upon uncle. He said to her: "Henrietta is one of us, that I have already discovered. Have you noticed how her character shows itself in her appearance and dress?" When uncle first saw me I wore a blue and white striped dress, blue being his favorite color. The waist was finished at the neck and belt with blue satin ribbons; each bow was fastened with a silver pin, the head of which was a cube. It seemed that these pins especially pleased Froebel. Luise tells me that the cube is a symbol of the fundamental idea of Froebel's educational scheme. She says that Froebel illustrates the law of mediation in the second play gift for the children by means of the sphere, cube, and cylinder. Luise has told me many interesting things about his work, much of which is not yet clear to me, and it even seems mysterious. I have never heard or read of such ideas as they have here, but I shall certainly understand it all if I am only permitted to stay with uncle. If only his course of lessons can be given here next winter, and if I only can stay at Keilhau!

Froebel lives in a country house across the way from the Institute. His living room is very comfortable, and Luise has told me that his first wife was a most cultured woman, one who craved beautiful and attractive surroundings.

Many of the lovely things in his sitting-room came from her, and he prizes them highly. Fresh flowers are a necessity to him, and Luise keeps them always in his room. So long as the lilies last his table is never without them. He calls the lily and the calla his "life-flowers," and he always has calla growing in pots wherever he settles down to live. He has explained many things to Luise about the calla, with reference to the laws of life. If I could only understand these deep things! Hitherto I have loved nature above all else, but I have never studied her, for no one has ever before called my attention to the necessity for such study. Froebel thinks, too, that I should spend much time with the plants, and he has said to me: "Plants, in their fettered silence, reveal far more of the law which governs life than do animals or man with all their freedom of motion, their passions, and free will. Through the latter men too often fall into mistaken ways, and bring discord into life." Also from the stones and the crystals uncle reads much by which to interpret the human soul. In the formation of these he finds a correspondence to the law of human evolution. Luise showed me a box containing various forms of wood, which is called the chest of "solids," which uncle explains in his study course. Shall I ever fathom it all?

At one time uncle conducted an institute for kindergartners in the next village, Blankenburg, but it was given up on account of insufficient money. It is said that he demanded great moneys for this institution of both Barop and Middendorf, and was often unpractical and dictatorial. Luise is very sad that uncle is not better understood. She clings to him with daughterly affection. She cares for him, and believes in the greatness of his idea. The other women of Keilhau do not seem to feel the same. One sees a bitterness among them whenever the conversation turns on the subject of uncle. I see very little of the women as I stay on. They are entirely occupied with their households and families. They do their own cooking, and take turns in doing the household work. My noble Elise has so much to do, now in the cellar, now in the kitchen, at the wash-house, or in the garden. What a pity that she cannot spend more time with the boys and the teachers, for she has a sureness and tact in association with them which is very helpful, and all rejoice when she comes among them for a free hour with her hand work. One feels in her presence a goodness which has a lovely influence upon all.

The Institute buildings are divided into what is called the "upper and the lower house," between which a new addition is being built, which is intended later to receive the youngest

boys. In the upper house is the family room, in which there is an old but comfortable sofa, in fact, the only one which I have ever seen in the Institute; otherwise the entire room is extremely plain, without adornment, or even a shimmer of beauty,—but I love this room. One or another who has a free hour, or wishes to chat or read a little if he finds company, comes here. Recently, when it was too cold and damp in the garden, we all sat there, and in assigned parts read "Don Carlos," but I must write you all about this at another time. On the floor above the Barops have their home, but I have not yet visited them. Frau Barop is a delicate, gentle lady, much loved by the boys. In the lower house live the grandparents, Middendorf, sister Marie, and the five Barop daughters, who meet together with the students only in class hours and on special occasions. I am all day long in the dining-room, or in the family room of the upper house, or in the garden. I take a fine walk nearly every day, usually after the afternoon 'coffee, otherwise after supper between seven and eight o'clock, when I always look for one of the women to accompany me, Elise, Luise, and Frau von Born, or Malchen, and when they say they have no time to go with me, I help them with the work so that they may be free and have an hour to wander in the beautiful outdoor world. Occasionally some of the

gentlemen join us. Yesterday evening uncle took me up the Kolm, several others following us. It was a genuine summer evening; the trees rustled softly, and fireworms flitted in the warm evening light. Some one had presented me with a beautiful bouquet of roses, and I put several glowworms in among the petals. The effect was fairy-like. Uncle took one of the dark red roses and put it in my hair, and was much pleased over the magic illumination on my head made by the glowworms in the rose.

III

Keilhau in June (from my Journal).—Uncle is unremitting in his work. He writes letters day and night, besides traveling about a great deal. Together with several men from elsewhere, whom he has won over to the cause, he has called a meeting of educators, to be held at Rudolstadt, in August. Ladies are to be invited also. Uncle's ideas about the education of women and children are being discussed in many journals, but Luise tells me that they are as yet little understood and often attacked. At this gathering of educators, the kindergarten is to be openly discussed, and although Luise is a little anxious about the great day, she firmly believes that the good cause will come out victorious. When she has a minute's time she helps uncle with his correspondence. She seldom has any

time to herself, as the household duties are many, and Luise must help in these.

Why cannot the women arrange their housework so that there is some time left for other things? Why do they not give more time to the teaching of the boys? The young men, the teachers, and the visiting students, who came back for a few weeks, are always greatly pleased to have the women join them. I like to talk with this one and the other one, and we seem to be benefited by this exchange of ideas. How delightful such society is! In former days uncle's wife is said to have added much to the intellectual life of this circle of men, as well as to have mothered the young boys. Middendorf thinks very highly of her, but the women say she was not plain enough, and that her housekeeping was not practical. Is it then not possible to be both spiritually minded and practical at the same time? It must be possible.

Saturday evening I went with Luise to visit uncle, and helped her copy letters. I must confess that I would have enjoyed taking a walk quite as well. Uncle begrudges himself all rest. Toward evening he goes with a great company of Keilhau children to Eichfeld and Schaale, to play the games which are to be given by the children at the educational meeting. Some of his former pupils of the training class will help him in the games. It would be impossible for

me to play in such games before people,—am I very self-conscious?

Uncle values the play of children highly. He has said to me: "The plays of a child are his first deeds. We must put such material in his way that he may unconsciously develop into all that is thoughtful and useful; we must ever direct the play toward that which is uplifting, so that even the play of his life may be noble. When we play with children we must never try to bring them up to our ideas, but must look down into their hearts, and become childlike, and must thoughtfully and gently study their tendencies and motives; inasmuch as we do this will we reach the child's inner nature and help him unfold beautifully. We must cherish the child's nature, from his birth on through his whole life; yes, nurture it,—for this is your work. An educator must always look, like a gardener, to the future. He must know that the seed he sows, and the garden he lays out, will in time appear altogether different from the day he plants; not that they are become a new or entirely different thing—they have only developed what was within them. Such is the relationship between child and adult; the child is man in the germ. This should be a holy thing to us while still in its dependency. This germ-power must be understood, and when you understand it, you have found the Ariadne

thread which will guide you through the labyrinth of life. Verily, young women and mothers, you have great things in your power. A new sense is stirring everywhere, and you are called in the new times to accomplish the great and the untried."

Why is it that nearly all of the gentlemen here make light remarks ridiculing the games which uncle plays with the children, and often slighting remarks about the kindergarten? I must confess that I cannot always be angry with them for these remarks, and am often tempted to laugh with them. But as often as I hear uncle speak about the meaning of these things, I see all in another light and feel heartily ashamed of myself. Uncle fairly stirs my soul with his thoughts. If only I could see the connection between his principles and these games, which are very strange to me! New light will come, I am sure, when we begin our course of lessons in October, and then I can better defend the cause of "Herrn Froebel" when the gentlemen make their attacks. I shall study diligently with uncle when the class begins, meanwhile I must enjoy the blissful freedom which I feel here. I must take deep, deep draughts of this air which surrounds us, in which the natural and spiritual seem to melt into one.

A letter.—This is what my heart has said over

and over again these last few days: "If only dear father were here!" or, "If I were only with you now, dearest mother, and with all of you in our dear home!" All is darkened and troubled within me. If only a single ray of light might break through this inner chaos! It is true that I have grown richer and older in experience during the past weeks; I have pressed forward through many dark places; and when I think of all that I have thought out and worked through in my short life, I tremble at the thought of all that still awaits me before I may behold the pure light of truth. I long for rest; I yearn to lose myself in the eternity of truth. At the same time I ask, Does the soul ever rest? The answer comes, No, no, I cannot conceive of spirit without activity. Thus thinking on an eternity of working and striving, I grow weary, and long for an endless sleep, such as death,—a sleep without dreams, without pictures; deep down in the cool, still earth, with the light of the sun, the dew of the flowers, and the rustling of the trees over me.

It is grown quite clear to me that I am not intended to stand and work in the great world. I am unable to guide the helm out on the agitated world-ocean. Only where I understand all, can prove all, and grasp the meaning of all, only there can I be happy and make others happy. And yet, the quiet stream by which I loiter,

does it not run on to the great ocean? do not its water drops mingle with those of the ocean's huge waves, which rise and fall in ceaseless changings?

September 3.—The above I wrote some time ago, while the impressions of the Rudolstadt teachers' convention were still confusing and confounding me. Fourteen days are now passed, and this quiet Sunday morning, while all is restful within me, I will try to give you a sketch of our recent experience, which is now being so widely discussed. Have patience with me if I do not tell what happened in the right order, for it was the first time in my life that I ever attended anything like a teachers' convention, and so I was deeply impressed by all I saw and heard. Activity and progress surround us. The old schoolmasters are waking from their long sleep, and it is evident that a renewed and unified spirit of the people can only be attained by national education. And the Froebel kindergarten was acknowledged at the teachers' convention as the foundation of such an education. The kindergarten was shown to be the connection between the family and the school, and by means of these methods the children are brought into vital connection with the life-whole, which like a tree grows up out of the germ of sacred family life.

Froebel spared no pains to bring about the

convention. No journey was too far, no weather so bad that it could keep him from carrying out his plans. He secured accommodations for two to three hundred people in Rudolstadt, and every one gladly received them. Here in Keilhau also were guests, and among them some of the kindergartners previously trained by Froebel. There was excitement and bustle on all sides. Over those of us only who stand faithfully for Froebel hung a cloud of depression. We feared for his peculiarities of speech; for so many new thoughts surge up while he is speaking, and his sentences often grow lengthy and tangled, and his meaning grows involved and indefinite, and who would presume to make his meaning clear to others when he himself failed.

Luise and Amalie Krueger, and other kindergartners, dreaded playing the games with the children of Keilhau and Eichfeld, for neither of these places have a kindergarten. The children were especially trained for this occasion, that the people might have a practical example of the Froebel children's games.

At last the great day came, finding some of us full of fear and trembling. All eagerly took their way to Rudolstadt. Thursday was spent in general preparations. Dr. Sommer of Salzungen, and Dr. Kell of Leipzig, were made president and vice president. Eight directors were selected, and Middendorf was made one of

them. The evenings were spent in music. Early the second morning all the kindergartners gathered at the house of Frau Baehring, where I found them, and together we went to the hotel "Ritter," where the first session was being held. Many people were already assembled when the kindergarten children from Saalfeld came in their wagon, which was covered with wreaths and flowers. The lower part of the hall was filled with teachers, while the galleries were crowded with visitors, prompted either by curiosity or interest. The citizens of Rudolstadt stood guard at the open doors of the hall. Under the royal box a platform was placed, decorated with flowers and green wreaths. Here the presidents and directors took their seats. Over this platform was hung a picture of Jesus blessing the little children, while on either side were appropriate mottoes. Unfortunately I can remember but one of these, which read as follows: "Come let us give our lives to the children."

IV

(*Continued from letter describing the Rudolstadt Convention*).—When the entire company were gathered together and in order, all arose and sang with deep feeling, to the melody of "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," appropriate words, which had been composed by Midden-

dorf, each stanza of which closed with an exhortation to live with the children. After appropriate greetings, the president explained in a few clear, concise sentences, that there was need for a new foundation for education, and expressed the hope that those attending the convention might seek to learn and test the true spirit of the kindergarten in order to see whether this might not be the new foundation required.

Then Froebel arose, but before he began to speak, he put both hands to his head and trembled visibly for a moment. Then he raised his head, and from the eyes of the seventy-year-old man streamed a soulful light. Now he stood calm and firm before us.

He led a little girl, with her mother, to a table upon which were placed the various occupation materials. He left the child to build with the blocks. The lovely little girl gave one frank look into the faces of the assembled company, and then hid her head in her mother's lap. Froebel spoke to the child, and soon had her full confidence. He then turned to the company, taking for his theme—"I lead you now into the holy of holies—the family."

I cannot begin to give you his words in detail. I was so much affected by his speech that I did not always follow his meaning closely. But I remember that he said, among other things:

"The new education must be founded upon a different law of development, for our children and youth everywhere are in need of suitable material by which they may work out their activities. The child is developed, not alone through knowing, but also through working, and his self-activity is above all others the incentive for his development."

Now the children came marching and singing into the hall, led by the following kindergartners: Luise Levin, Christiane Erdmann, Amalie Krueger, Auguste Steiner, Ida Weiler, Auguste Harold, and several others. This Froebel took as an illustration by which to lead us from the consideration of family life to that of the community.

It is true that Froebel went into much detail about plays and games, and his explanations of them did not seem altogether clear to me. But the hearts of the people were opened, and made receptive. The touching unconsciousness of the children, their clear and irresistible voices, had once more aroused in the entire company the great love of childhood, and such love, I am sure, not only believes and hopes, but has also great tolerance. A deep satisfaction seemed to rest upon the company.

I wrote down at the time some of Froebel's statements about play, and I will here copy them from my notebook: "The gesture-plays are very important as symbols of ideas, which

the children are not yet old enough to understand." As an illustration he mentioned the circle-play in which one child stands in the middle of the ring, and how in spite of the great variety of children, unity is secured by the fact that all respond to one central point. At one time the children formed three circles, one within the other, to illustrate the bark, wood, and marrow of the tree, which he said might equally well be made to stand for happiness, unity, and love. Through such thoughtful representations, Froebel hopes to instill in men the idea of harmony; through these he believes might be aroused the three fundamental activities of the soul,—will, intellect, and feeling,—and by means of physical activity, and word and rhyme, he believes that these may be translated into action. I have noticed for many years how seldom bodily and spiritual activities are in harmony. Man seems to lean either entirely to the one or to the other. How highly important it is for the genuine woman that she should blend her household work with her spiritual endeavors, and yet how seldom are these two activities harmonized. When they are found, such women stand out like single stars in a dark night. May I be a worthy reflection of one such woman—my own, noble, beloved mother. Froebel's plays seem to me to be so arranged that they will supply various

great needs. The child is not led into abstract worlds, but is encouraged to embody his ideas in appropriate physical action. Body and soul are thus mingled in unity.

So closed the first morning of the convention. The afternoon was set apart for the plays which were arranged for the older children. They assembled in the open air at the appointed place. Froebel stepped into the midst and seemed to be possessed with such a zealous play spirit that he omitted all words of introduction or explanation concerning what was to come. The visitors felt a little disappointed on this account, and the wish was expressed that Middendorf, whose sympathetic nature had won all hearts, should step into the children's circle, and make explanations, but because of deep considerateness, he did not consent. Knowing Froebel's zeal so well, he knew that such interference would not be accepted.

Yes, if Froebel had but the character of a Middendorf! The latter seems to me truly like the Christ, always full of love and consideration for others. Froebel also lives for others. He sacrifices everything for his idea, the accomplishing of which he expects will bring blessedness to all mankind; in so doing he fails to consider the individual, and is often harsh and tyrannical even to the beloved, noble Middendorf, who is his truest friend.

So the afternoon games were stretched out, and we all feared that Froebel's work would suffer a fall, just as in the morning we had hoped for the highest success. Ridiculing remarks were made about the games by onlookers. Froebel was excited and disturbed beyond all description, and became unconscious of every one and everything about him. Beautiful as such unconsciousness is in one sense, on this day it worked serious mischief, and I must confess that I could not understand how these endless plays especially illustrated Froebel's idea. Yes, I must confess that some of them seemed even ridiculous. The idea that playing according to directions should make men noble, seemed to me so narrow and limited and unnatural. At last came the closing song. The poor kindergartners, especially my good Luise, were thoroughly exhausted, and one gentleman who had joined our party proposed that we should go to the inn for refreshments. We ordered tea, and anticipated a quiet hour after the great excitement of the day. But soon a number of strangers, both gentlemen and ladies, joined us, and in a short time we were all in earnest discussion concerning Froebel and his ideas. We soon realized that sincere voices were being raised against him, and we feared for him. I was especially uncomfortable over my own feeling of disagreement in the matter. During the afternoon games I

found myself next to a Dresden woman, whom I had noticed with the greatest interest at the morning session. It was Fraulein Johanna Kuestner, who had accompanied Thekla von Gumpert, a special friend of uncle. Her exquisite figure, her pale, plain, but noble face, which expressed great intelligence and sympathy, attracted me to her, and I was filled with the desire to know her better. The afternoon brought me my wish. But one hour was needed for us to grow well acquainted and love each other. Oh how this little inner world in which I here live expands and widens! Johanna has taught her younger sisters since she was eighteen years old, but she feels a certain emptiness in the work, and that she has not yet found the right path in education. She joined us, to our great pleasure, at this afternoon tea and discussion, which little by little became very gay as one by one became weary of the serious debate.

Eight o'clock found us again in the "Rittersaale," not for discussion, but for a happy, social time. The citizens of Rudolstadt had provided a concert for their guests, the program of which was altogether too overpowering for me. I longed to go by myself out into the stillness of nature. I proposed this to Luise, and together we quietly left the hall with its oppressive atmosphere. What a pleasure it was to take a deep, refreshing breath! Middendorf and one

of his young friends followed us, and after leaving the hall in the distance we still heard the closing chorus, which was given by a strong Männerchor. We watched the people pour out from the "Ritter," but I was so weary of the confusion that I turned my eyes toward the dark hills. Moon and stars shone out through the white clouds. The music had already quieted the storm within me, and the mild night completed the peace which fell upon me. Silently we walked on together. Oh beloved ones, those were priceless moments!

Saturday morning promised a sultry day. We feared storm and rain, and the air was heavy and oppressive. Nevertheless the convention was better attended than the day before, and although the program was announced to begin at seven o'clock, an hour was spent in informal discussions for and against Froebel's work. I tried to make notes of the different points, but was so frequently carried away by the deep meaning of the speakers that I forgot all about my writing. I only regret that I cannot give you, dear parents, a complete account of the program, although I know that the chief points are written in my soul.

Dr. K. was the first speaker: "We are certainly all agreed that the establishing of kindergartens is a necessity; and that in the same even children from two to six years old, of

different classes, can be prepared to live together in unity; that by means of them the home training is completed; that they help the home life, and that they provide a more uniform preparation for all children to later school life. However great and important these ideas seem, I did not recognize them in the demonstration of the kindergarten which was made for us yesterday. Froebel has a subjective and individualized personality, and his educational ideas emphatically reflect the same. It will require an entire generation to simplify kindergarten practice, and set it free from its too emphatic symbolism. I hold that it is an injury to child nature to lead him too early to observing and discriminating the geometric forms as illustrated in the cube, folding paper, etc. The Froebel gifts, as they are supposed to be presented to the child, suggest too strongly the dissecting knife method. Froebel will not stubbornly hold to his method of presenting the same if we can show him a more normal and natural application of his kindergarten idea, and if we reject all artificiality and place the same upon the simple platform of nature."

Froebel made a short reply to this address, which was followed with closest interest. He proved that his educational method corroborated not only nature's laws, but also those of Christianity, and that it is, therefore, simple and

in correspondence with the laws of development, which govern child nature. His words were clear, and were met with great favor.

He was followed by a young schoolmaster, who was sent out to investigate the Froebel method by the Minister of Education of Dresden. He spoke in substance: "Froebel stands before us as child, man, hero, and helper, as well as friend and father, and with this last title, let us claim him. His work is like an overflowing fountain, out of which we have much to draw, but which needs clarifying. I look into Froebel's creative genius as into a holy chaos; myriads of thoughts crowd upon him, and there is no time for him to bring each of these into simple, readable form. He is, indeed, the creator of the kindergarten, but not its builder. His scheme requires modification, and his philosophy, together with what he calls his system, are not clear to me. We do not need a system for the living together of little children. I shudder at such a plan, as I do before Froebel's so-called 'Kindergarten Philosophy.' Right here may I ask the question, Do children in the kindergarten play, or do they work?"

Froebel arose. His face was red with anger as he forbade such to call him father who do not understand him, nor wish to understand him. He declared his system to be clear, and his philosophy simple for such as are able to rec-

ognize the organic plan of the universe, together with the laws which govern the same. "The smallest child must be guided according to these laws, for he is a part of the whole. These laws must hold good in his earliest plays, for they are written within the nature of the child, and all his doings are symbolic of them, and my kindergarten games and occupations therefore appeal to him. The rules of these plays and occupations, which are indicated to the child through the correct guiding of the adult, prepare him for all actions of his later life. The child has intimations of these laws in his innocent aspiration; he expresses them symbolically in his daily activities, and therefore the kindergarten reinforces the institutional life which stands to every human being as God's law. The children play in the kindergarten, but these plays are founded on world-wide truths, and the child is therefore led through play out upon the true path of life."

"Where shall we find women capable of understanding Froebel's teachings, or of applying them? Where and how are they to be trained for such a work?" Some one from the audience asked these questions. Froebel replied: "When Napoleon needed able generals, he found them. So I will find able gardeners when once I am given the garden." The Dresden schoolmaster who had been so frankly reproved again

took up the word: "Froebel expects his kindergartens, which he promises will bring such uplifting to the human race, to be conducted by women, or, in other words, that his deeply philosophical ideas shall be made practical by women. I must confess that the thought of 'philosophical' women makes me shudder." He continued in this manner for some time, and a lengthy discussion on the education of women followed.

My heart-beats were almost audible, so indignant was I at these remarks of the men who evidently thought us women inferior beings! And are we then only here to serve the men, to be under their command, to have our life program dictated entirely by them, to be nothing of ourselves? To be sure there is nothing higher or more beautiful in life than to serve the man one loves and honors, but it would never occur to me to respect a man who considered me, as compared with himself, an inferior creature, for the great and only reason that he is a man and I a woman, especially if I should find him stupid, foolish, or unmoral, and unfortunately I know so many, many foolish and stupid men!

It brought peace to my heart to think that Froebel and Middendorf had such a different opinion of women from the majority of men; that they honored us as worthy to fill a position as guardians of childhood even though unmar-

ried; that we, as unmarried, might still work together with them in good sense and sincerity, to uplift human society; that we might be something or become something in and of ourselves.

My impulse was to go straight to these lordly speakers and tell them what I here write to you, but I could not bring myself to speak in the open meeting. Who, indeed, would arise and defend us poor creatures?

Johanna Kuestner arose. A deep stillness pervaded, while in a few clear words she asked that women also be treated as complete human beings. She added that we must be treated as such, and that in the future we would demand an altogether different education from that in the past, in order that we might be capable of carrying forward scientific and philosophical studies. With these words she turned to the speaker to whom philosophical women were such a horror. No conclusion was reached with reference to the education and position of women. The discussion turned again to the methods and means of the kindergarten occupations, to the dangers of playful work, and other miscellaneous considerations of the subject of play. Then one speaker argued emphatically that there was no necessity for the founding of kindergartens. He held that the family was the only correct place for the training of children

before they reached the school age, and that so far as he was concerned, it was entirely an unnatural development to drag little children out of their small circle of experience. Another speaker urged that the kindergarten be instituted only where there is an abnormal family environment; such as where the mother is obliged to work outside the home for support.

Until two o'clock the discussion swung back and forth. On the whole only a few voices were raised against the establishment of the kindergarten, and the chief difference of opinion was as to the method of introducing and carrying forward the work, and how the organization and introduction of same might be made with reference to the organized school system. At last a vote was taken that the kindergarten be universally introduced, but the "how" this should be done was left for the afternoon session.

These men who spoke so emphatically against the method and manner of the Froebel kindergarten, what did they know of the subject? For a few hours only they had seen children playing, building, weaving, and folding. How could they judge of the entire scheme, which, no doubt, would take years of study to understand? This is what I frankly told the Dresden schoolmaster at the close of the meeting, after Luise and I had had a long conversation with him. You can imagine how frightened I was in the

afternoon, when this same gentleman opened his speech with the following words: "There are those among the honored ladies here who feel that I am incapable of passing final judgment upon Froebel's scheme, and yet I have been sent to this place in order to investigate, test, and prove this subject, and after seeing and hearing all that I did yesterday and to-day I am unable to withdraw a single word which I have spoken, although I am willing to confess that possibly the entire matter is not yet clearly understood by me, and, perhaps, has not yet been presented in its fullest light." Several times he made reference to the "right honorable ladies," and, looking our way, smiled at us. I was glad in the end that our impulsive words had made such an impression upon him.

Nevertheless, this all-important afternoon witnessed a great battle between Froebel and his opposers. I was frightened and anxious. If you could have witnessed how uncle struggled and battled against those who wished to take away his kindergarten idea by consigning it to the place of a children's asylum! I could hardly contain myself. To be sure, I myself often feel opposed to many phases of Froebel's method, but does that reduce to nothing his entire scheme of development? It is a different matter to interpret Froebel's educational philosophy in various ways from condemning it

altogether, and that is what these men have done. They are willing to have kindergartens, but only in a superficial way, and if possible they wish Froebel himself to have very little to do with them. But his life is as closely bound up with the kindergarten as are body and spirit, and if they insist upon making a separation between them it would kill him.

Up to this point Middendorf had not spoken a word, but the moment in which Froebel began to waver, he made the effort to arise, and, as he told me afterwards, his intention was to call upon the students of Froebel that they might testify how his teachings had brought light to their minds, and had given them a greater insight into the child's soul; that they themselves had found peace and joy in their work, and how true happiness had been brought to the children. I had reached the highest point of excitement in this awful moment, scarcely knowing what to expect next, when all at once the debate took an entirely new direction. The excitement and storm which had laid hold of Froebel seemed suddenly to leave him, and a restful calm came over him as he held out his hand in token of peace. The manner and spirit in which he did this brought response from many hearts, and all were drawn nearer together at once. The closing resolution, to which the majority gave cordial assent, was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the state governments, as well as the national government, shall be urged to seriously consider the claims of the kindergarten, and bring into use the rich educational material presented by Froebel, to found the kindergartens, and to provide for the training of kindergartners, and, where necessary, make financial provision for the same."

After this resolution was formulated and accepted a thundering cheer was given "Father Froebel," which at the same time served as the closing benediction upon the exciting days at Rudolstadt. The doors were thrown open, the delegates of the assembly poured forth into the coolness. Later in the evening there were illuminations, and all enjoyed the promenade under the linden and chestnut trees. Songs were sung, and I can tell you that I relieved my aroused feelings by singing with all my might. Could you only have been with me there, dear parents, on this triumphant, happy evening which followed after the days of earnest struggle! Many playful remarks were exchanged between Froebel and his opposers, but the last toast sounded as follows: "Long live Froebel, womankind, and harmony."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Autobiography of Froebel translated and annotated by E. Michaelis and H. K. Moore.

Friedrich Froebel. A Biographical Sketch. M. H. Kriege.

Froebel and Education by Self-Activity. H. Courthope Bowen.

Froebel's Letters. Edited by A. H. Heineman.

Froebel the Man and His Work. A. L. Page.

Kindergarten and Child Culture. Henry Barnard.

Life of Friedrich Froebel. D. J. Snider.

Reminiscences of Friedrich Froebel. Baroness von Marenholtz Bülow.

Froebel in His Study. A. H. Heineman. Kindergarten Magazine, Sept. Oct. Dec. 1891.

Froebel and Diesterweg at Hamburg in 1850. A. H. Heineman. Kindergarten Magazine, Dec. 1891.

The German Froebel Union. Amalie Hofer. Kindergarten Magazine, Oct. 1894.

Frau Luise Levin Froebel. Bertha Johnston. Kindergarten Magazine, March, 1900.

Friedrich Froebel. A Biographical Sketch. Bertha Johnston. Kindergarten Magazine, April, 1901.

Diesterweg. Maria Kraus-Boelte. Kindergarten Magazine, Jan. 1902.

How I Came into the Froebel Service. Dr. Pappenheim. Kindergarten Magazine, Jan. 1902.

Froebel Festivals in Thuringia, Germany. Eleanora Heerwart. Kindergarten Magazine, Jan. 1902.

How Froebel Came to Hamburg. As told by Elizabeth Peabody in a letter dated 1867. Kindergarten Magazine, February, 1902.

Frau Schrader Interprets Froebel on Co-education. Kindergarten Magazine, December, 1902.

A Study of the Original Kindergartens. Grace Owen. Elementary School Teacher, December, 1906.

RETD DEC 9 1986

AY 2 4 1996
EB 2 4 2003

LB637.S5
Sketches of Froebel's life and times
WITHDRAWN
3 0629 0041666 8

LB
637
S5